

THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1825

APRIL 27, 1907

PRICE THREEPENCE

Education

SHERBORNE SCHOOL.

AN Examination for Entrance Scholarships, open to Boys under 15 (on June 1), will be held on June 5, 6, 7. Further information can be obtained from the Rev. the Headmaster, School House, Sherborne, Dorset.

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ALAN E. CLAPPERTON,
Secretary University Court.

University of Glasgow.

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CONTENTS

	Page		Page
The Literary Week	403	A Literary Causerie:	
To a Silent Poet	405	Literary Haggis à l'Anglaise .	413
Literature:		Fiction	414
The "Auld Sang"	405	Drama:	
George Gascoyne	406	"The Sunken Bell"	416
The Peasant and the Land . .	407	Fine Art:	
The Tragedy of Failure . . .	408	The New Gallery	417
The Library Table	409	Music:	
Lying in Fiction	410	The London Symphony	
"Max"	411	Orchestra	418
The Soul of the Valet	412	Correspondence	419
Books Received	422		

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THE LITERARY WEEK

THE Christie sale on Saturday did not fulfil the gloomy prophecies about modern works of art, at all events, to the extent anticipated. Sir Edwin Landseer's picture fetched an almost fancy price, considering its merits. "If the public knew as much about art as I do," said the painter, "they would never buy my pictures." But there was and is always a public for Landseer; when it was not looking he achieved some superb portraits and landscapes of which one never hears. The inevitable reaction which set in after sensational prices for Burne-Joneses at the artist's sale has certainly ceased, two thousand one hundred guineas being a very fair price for the beautiful but small *Flamma Vestalis*. And the amount given for Lord Davey's Rossetti was excessive if we consider the date of this picture and its feeble execution. Though of course catalogued in the Rossetti books, this work is simply from the artist's studio, and is largely the work of his assistants Knewstub or Dunn. To real connoisseurs a signature is of very little value on the picture of an artist who enjoyed any degree of popularity and is known to have employed "ghosts."

The small sums obtained for the Leightons cannot have surprised any one who has watched the market. One of the most charming and delightful personalities in English art, the most picturesque of presidents though embalmed in an epigram of Whistler's, has no significance in the hierarchy of art. He does not even reach the never very high level of excellence demanded at Burlington House. The attempt of friends to enshrine him with Watts, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and Whistler is a touching testimonial to his personal charm, but it will never float his reputation down to posterity. Perhaps the merit of Sir William Richmond will preserve him from oblivion; and if only the public had secured his superb collection of pictures and drawings instead of the Turkish Baths in which he kept them the name of Leighton would have gone down to ages with that of the Richardsons, Spitzer or the Earl of Arundel.

It would be very interesting to read the whole text of Mr. Charles Lounsbury's will, part of which was published in the *Daily Telegraph* of April 23. The testator was an inmate of Sunning Insane Asylum, but there is nothing (in the published portions) to show that he was out of his mind; all poets and men of letters when expressing themselves appear, or are apt to appear, mad to the ordinary

intelligence. To lunacy commissioners and solicitors the unfortunate author no doubt was a hopeless case. Is it possible that Sunning incarcerated another Walt Whitman or an American A. E. Housman? There is something of the rapture of the English poet's "Shropshire Lad" in this delightful literary exercise and some of the passion which Richard Jeffries put into the "Story of My Heart."

To archæologists the advent of Shakespeare's *fête* must always be a period of some anxiety. From any quarter, even from Stratford itself, there may emanate some ghastly proposal for the erection of new buildings or new images to perpetuate obscurities who have nailed themselves to the mast of Avon and plucked the swan of his feathers. We may not always agree with Miss Corelli's views about life or literature, but we all owe her a great debt of gratitude for exposing one of these intended outrages in the nick of time.

Browning has warned us against prying where the apple redden, lest we lose our Edens—a poor rhyme, but a sound counsel. People who buy flowers and carry them in procession, with banners and municipal regalia, from a house where Shakespeare was possibly born to a church where he was certainly buried, are at least partaking in a graceful act of rather Teutonic homage, and need not (as they certainly do not) trouble to inquire how their action tends to the honour of Shakespeare and St. George, and how far to that of the municipality and the banking accounts of Stratford-on-Avon. Let them by all means listen to Miss Marie Bréma's superb voice, and draw flattering unction from an address from the pulpit which declares them the successors of the Crusaders, the spiritual heirs of the pilgrims to the shrine of St. Thomas the Martyr. It does them good—and it does not hurt Shakespeare.

Nevertheless, in mayoral speeches—always a dangerous form of celebration—we come sometimes so close to the apple-tree that we catch a glimpse of the scales of that which lurks amid the boughs. We see Shakespeare in the light of a Commercial Asset. We intercept hints that Shakespeares are weak, but that the directors by extending their operations hope to secure increased business and be able at the next meeting to declare a more satisfactory result of the year's trading. It is no more than a hint—a glimpse of the shining slime; but it is there. And after all, what harm? Shakespeare—admirable man of business that he was—would have been delighted. In one of Mr. Hilaire Belloc's books, "Le Père Éternel," on having it explained to him that the men he sees engaged in strange proceedings on the earth are worshipping him, remarks that it is the most sensible thing he has ever heard about them: If Shakespeare knows that he is a finer asset to Stratford-on-Avon even than Flower's Beer he is probably proud that his fellow townsmen are so sensible.

Stratford shows its sense, too, in engaging the services year after year of a genuine enthusiast for Shakespeare to see that Shakespeare's plays get a chance beside his possible birthplace, his school, his grave, and that hallowed fraud, his mulberry-tree. Mr. F. R. Benson is not a Shakespeare enthusiast of the kind that wears Shakespeare's head as a tie-pin, nor of the kind that writes dull books to prove that Shakespeare had all knowledge, all critic, all religion—that he makes churches unnecessary and sums up all the essence of all the creeds, schemes of ethics and practical wisdom of the world. Mr. Benson knows Shakespeare as a great poet and a writer of fine acting plays. His latest discovery is that *Love's Labour's Lost* is not too "thin" nor too technical to be played, and he has achieved in a moment a popular

success with a play which the actors had neglected (with two exceptions) ever since Shakespeare's time. That is really honouring Shakespeare.

Last week the St. James's Dramatic Club, one of the most admirable amateur societies in London, gave an excellent performance at Passmore Edwards Hall in Tavistock Place. The programme consisted of the Screen Scene from the *The School for Scandal*; three scenes from *The Merchant of Venice* and *'Op o' my Thumb*. The last was admirably interpreted, but Miss Fearnhead did not seem to realise the tragedy of the title-rôle, though, as the audience did not do so either, it was not of much consequence. Mr. Stanley Smith showed his usual versatility by sustaining the parts of Joseph Surface and Gratiano, with equal success on the same evening. Mr. William Hayes as Sir Peter Teazle and again as Shylock suggested by his remarkable acting that it cannot be very long before he distinguishes himself on a much larger stage. Miss Amy Rooker's Portia was a charming rendering of a difficult part; she managed with rare restraint to be perfectly natural and practised the rarer quality of mercy on the verse of Shakespeare.

The addition of Mr. Pierpont Morgan's name to the cope of Pope Nicholas the Fourth, mentioned last week, is not the only honour bestowed upon the American millionaire for his act of reparation. He has already received two medals—one from the Italian Government and the other from the Italian Academy of the Twenty-four Immortals. Mr. Morgan, by the way, is a member of the latter society, and the medal they presented to him bears the following inscription:

Jacobo Petropontio Morganio
Qui
sacram chlamydem asculanam
ablatam
permagni emit munifice reddidit
academia
XXIV Immortalium Virorum decrevit.
An. MDCCCCV.

The inscription on the Government medallion is more elaborate and is in Latin. It was designed by Signor Barnabei, a member of the Chamber of Deputies.

The following lyric note is by Claude Adhémar André Theuriot (1833-1907), who died last Tuesday. His life as Chef de Bureau d'Enregistrement at Bar-le-Duc did not prevent him from being prolific in verse and prose. His first "crowned" poetry was "Le Chemin de Bois" (1867); his first drama in one act, *Jean Marie* (Odéon, 1871); among his last are "Darine" (1899), "Fleurs de Cyclamens" (1899), "La Vie Rustique" (1899), "Nos Oiseaux" (same year—both are new editions), "Villa Frangeville" (1899). He was "on" the *Parnasse Contemporain*, *Revue de Paris*, *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, and other staffs:

PROMENEDE SUR L'EHU
Les saules frissonnent. La lune
Argente la rivière brune
Du reflet de ses bleus regards;
La barque sous les hautes branches
Glisse à travers les roses blanches
Des nénuphars.
Parmi les feuillages dissoute,
La fraîcheur du soir, goutte à goutte,
Répand des pleurs mystérieux,
Et leur chute dans l'eau qui tremble
Nous berce avec un chant qui semble
Tomber des cieux. . . .
Chantez ! . . . sous la voute qui pleure,
Les yeux mi-clos, oubliant l'heure,
Je vais rêver au fil de l'eau,
Comme un enfant que sa nourrice
Câlina, afin qu'il s'assoupisse
Dans son berceau.

(Jardin d'Automne.)

Jews' College, the theological college of Anglo-Jewry, recently celebrated its jubilee and in honour of the occasion a jubilee volume has been published (Luzac). Two-thirds of the book, which is indeed an *édition de luxe*, are occupied by a history of the College, written by the Rev. Isidore Harris, one of the old students, wherein the story of the institution is told in great detail. The remainder of the volume consists of essays on a variety of subjects by students, past and present, and by members of the teaching staff. The subjects of these essays differ widely; many are so technical as to be incomprehensible to the layman; but on the other hand others appeal to a circle far wider even than the Jewish community and can be read with interest and advantage by Christians as well as by Jews. First among these must be mentioned the contribution by the late Rev. S. Singer "Where the Clergy Fail." The lesson which this distinguished preacher taught is one that may well be learnt by preachers of all denominations.

Dr. S. A. Hirsch's article on "The Temple of Onias" is also one of the most interesting in the volume. He collects all the material relating to the interesting episode that centred round that mysterious institution and in his comments throws some doubt on the authenticity of Professor Flinders Petrie's recent discoveries. "Some Points of Comparison and Contrast in Jewish and Roman Law" by the Rev. M. Hyamson, B.A., LL.B., is sufficiently described by its title. The subject with which the author deals is one that must attract all students of almost every description of law. The volume is profusely illustrated with splendidly reproduced portraits of all the personages prominent in the history of the College, and has for a frontispiece a symbolical picture designed by Solomon J. Solomon, R.A., with a border by Frank Emanuel.

In the obituary of the week there appears the name of one who has long held a respected place in the world of journalism. Sir George Armstrong after a distinguished career in India was drawn into politics at the time when Mr. W. H. Smith opposed John Stuart Mill in the constituency of Westminster. Shortly afterwards he became editor of *The Globe* newspaper and eventually its proprietor. In 1881, in conjunction with Mr. W. G. Madge, his life-long fellow worker, he established *The People* as a working-class Conservative newspaper, and therein achieved a brilliant success.

Sir George Armstrong occupied a place midway between the old type of proprietor like Sir Beresford Hope and the entirely new type which has been developed during the last few years. His management was distinguished by remarkable good sense rather than extreme brilliancy, although there were times when the enterprise of the *Globe* under his control astonished those who were managing some of its more pretentious contemporaries. In the old days he did a very great deal of the editing himself, reading proofs and choosing subjects with a mixture of sagacity and practical judgment peculiarly his own. For the last eight or nine years he has not been so actively associated with the fortunes of the paper, but to the very last he maintained his interest in it. He was a model newspaper proprietor of his own kind.

A short time ago we entered a protest against the action of a clergyman who recited his own "poetry" to his congregation from the pulpit, as a substitute for the usual sermon. Now we hear that Mr. — the well-known caterer and the proprietor of many restaurants and eating-houses has taken upon himself to supply the public with food for the mind as well as food for the body, in the shape of—"Poetry." A morning contemporary, whose suffrages can always be relied on for anything that is bad in any sphere of life, recently devoted a considerable amount of space to an interview

with the new "poet," and even went so far as to quote several stanzas of dreadful doggerel about a little newspaper boy or some such equally soul-inspiring subject. "Oh England, my England!"

In the very interesting note which Mr. A. H. Bullen has prefixed to his new edition of Drummond of Hawthornden's, "A Cypress Grove," he remarks that Sir Thomas Brown "stored Drummond's choicest cadences in his memory and reproduced them in after years with added splendour." Mr. Bullen's contention will be readily admitted by those who compare the prose of the *Urn Burial* with a sentence like the following: "Desert and virtue for the most part want monuments and memory, seldom are recorded in the volumes of admiration, nay, are often branded with infamy, while statues and trophies are erected to those whose names should have been buried in their dust, and folded up in the darkest clouds of oblivion: so do the rank weeds in this garden of the world choke and over-run the sweetest flowers."

Dr. Woltmann's *Die Germanen in Frankreich*, of which the author died recently, "proves" that Germany is the first country in the world, and that great men everywhere are Germans. Dolicocephalic spells Aryan, of which the "fine flower" is Teutonic. Dante, Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo had long skulls; *argal*. . . . La Rochefoucauld is but a colourable imitation of Fulkwald; Bonaparte, of the Lombard Bonipert (Napoléon had the regulation blue eyes, as a child; and so had Renan, whose daughter, Mme. Psichari, showed the doctor a blond lock of his hair). Briand is, of course, Brandt. Condé, Colbert, Pascal, Descartes, Voltaire, Laplace, Lafayette, and Robespierre were all long-skulled Aryans, or Germans; also, Balzac, Lamartine, Hugo, Musset, Zola, and . . . Alexandre Dumas, whose ancestors were not precisely blond. Dr. Woltmann founded a "Review of political anthropology," which was, patriotically and considerably, subscribed for by the superior race, with whom Virtue will perish.

The Lord Mayor, in his recent speech on Imperial Education—whatever that may mean—expressed himself as shocked that a prospective office-boy, who had passed the Standards, did not know whether Gibraltar was in Asia or not. What can that matter? Geography is of no practical use either in an office or elsewhere. He who wants to go to Gibraltar goes first to Messrs. Cook, and he who wants to send a letter there, looks out the name in the Post Office Guide. The Lord Mayor might have found more flagrant examples of the imbecility of our system of education than the teaching of geography. What about the training of teachers in writing and speaking their own language? These unfortunate persons are forced like poultry until they are fit for examination. They can only carry out their instructions. We know of school managers who have collections of humorous illiterate letters from highly certificated masters and mistresses, and the majority can only speak correct English with great and obvious effort.

So the pun on the latten (Latin) spoons was never made by Shakespeare, "melancholy," to Master Ben Jo(h)nsen, "translator!" The iconoclast is M. Castelain. Next we shall be told that the "man of war" and the "Spanish galleon" did not "drink hard," maugre Rev. John Ward: that "the bricklayer" did not kill "Gabriel"; that Sir John Suckling never defended him against the plagiarist. We knew already that Cromwell (Crumwell) never spoke of removing any "bauble" from Westminster; that Edward II. was not born in Carnarvon Castle—perhaps not even murdered, in the fiendish manner alleged, at Berkeley. How then are boys to answer in History examinations? The following is *historique*: "What do you know of the reign of Canute? N.B. Omit the anecdote of the seashore." [T.C.D. Examiner: Dr. Barlow]. Anything more calculated in cold-bloodedness has never swum into a man's mental ken.

TO A SILENT POET

WHERE are the eagle-wings that lifted thee
Above the ken of mortal hopes and fears,
And was it thou who in serener years
Framed magic words with such sweet symmetry?
Didst thou compel the sun, the stars, the sea,
Harness the golden horses of the spheres,
And make the winds of God thy charioteers
Along the roads of Immortality?

Art thou dead then? Nay, leave the folded scroll,
Let us keep quiet lips and patient hands;
Not as sheer children use, who would unclothe
The petals of young flowers, but paying toll
At that high gate where Time grave gardener stands
Waiting the ripe fulfilment of the rose.

A. D.

LITERATURE

THE "AULD SANG"

History of Scotland. By ANDREW LANG. Vol. iv. (Blackwood, 20s.)

KILLIECRANKIE, Glencoe, the Union, the 1715, Prince Charlie, and Culloden—lives there a Scot who can resist the perusal, we had almost said the purchase, of the latest full, true, and particular account of these the very elements of his country and himself? Frankly to speak, we cannot answer our own question. We cannot answer for the most recent generation of Scots; for ourselves, we have greedily devoured every word of this fourth and concluding volume of Mr. Lang's "History of Scotland." But what with express trains, telegraphs, telephones and tourists, a common press, a common education, and common ideas of empire, it may be doubted whether the proverbial Scot's *perfidium ingenium* is what it was. From John o' Groat's House to the Land's End (in the neighbourhood of which there are a number of fine golf links) we are all much of a kin now. So intermingled are we that at any dining-table in London it is rare to find a person without some Scots strain of blood. The same is probably true of any considerable commercial place in England, and certainly is true of the colonies. Very strange, when one considers it, is the thoroughness of the revenge which the Scot has taken for the antipathy and prejudice which Dr. Johnson so faithfully and frequently expressed. And the revenge is by no means yet accomplished. The spread and domination of the Scot continues in an increasing degree, for Scotland remains and must remain under present conditions a breeding-place of generations of men and women for all of whom there is no room at home. They must go forth into England and the world, for the most part to prevail, and where they fail to fail lamentably, for a bad Scotsman is usually a terrible blackguard.

As this process goes on (and go on it must or Scotland will burst) it will be curious for those who live to see how far the story with which this volume deals shall have lost its savour for Scots as a *story* and become a mere *history*. Will the hereditary instinct to "greet" over Flodden and Glencoe, to "blaw" about Bannockburn, and "blether" about Burns fade under the influence of modern "progress" and prosperity? For the Scot is right in the forefront of progress and the acquisition of riches. In the past half-century Scotland has become a very wealthy country, and it is no longer a remote place

In a round of the clock a man may watch the sun set at Southampton and see it full risen at Loch Awe. In a forenoon he may "run up" from Glasgow to Sheffield to do some business, or may telephone instantly from Inverness to Torquay. Will the story of Scotland that was inborn in the being of Scotsmen bear all that and live? The historic kail, and porridge and poverty have disappeared before cheap bacon and the almost gratuitous loaf. The poor in Scotland to-day are the poor of everywhere. Intellect and energy no longer strain against the leash of penury, but go forth into the world on well-assured highways to reward. Scotsmen everywhere have proved themselves to be by nature among the best equipped of all races for mastering the conditions of existence in every variety of clime and circumstance. Having these gifts, can they preserve those strong characteristics that made them Scotsmen in Scotland, or shall they, now that the barriers are down, become increasingly *worldsmen*, and the story of their race which they drank in with their mother's milk go out of their consciousness and become, as we have said, mere *history*?

Grannies in Scotland no longer sing over the cradle about the wee bird that cam' to our ha' door an' warbled sweet and clearly; or of Leezie Lindsay that kilted her gown o' green satin up to her knee and went away wi' Lord Ronald Macdonald, or of the Argyll that plundered the bonnie house o' Airlie. Would there be an audience to-day in any High Street of the North for the old ballad-man who to attentive crowds used to sing of how

It fell upon a summer's day
King Edward cam' in grand array
The Scottish forces to dismay
Upon the field o' Bannockburn,

and held them listeners for some four and twenty verses of most veracious chronicle? We doubt it very much in these days of Harry Lauder and express trains. And we likewise fear that we are far on the way to a time when Culloden will be no more to Scotsmen than say Marston Moor is to Englishmen; a date, that is, in a faintly remembered text-book.

There is no such deadly enemy to the romance of history as your modern text-book, your "epochs," or your "periods" in a series uniform in binding and price. The historian on the larger scale seems like to prove a similar foe to story. Here we have Mr. Lang, who by all accounts is a Scotsman, writing of the fateful persons and events set out above without a tear or thrill. From allusions dropped by Mr. Lang in some of his numerous writings we gather he once had in him something of that spirit which in other circumstances might have made him a devil of a fellow. Apparently that devil is clean dead. Either that or he has been severely repressed. If there is any zest apparent at all in the narrative it shows when the author is tracking, like Sherlock Holmes, some slight clue to a new fact, or balancing the microscopical this against the infinitesimal that. We confess we are of the schools of Macaulay and Carlyle; we like rhetoric when informed by ideas, and the high didactic when charged with the poetry of life. But, these predilections apart, the essential facts of the period dealt with in this fourth book are displayed in a most clear and orderly fashion, and we are disposed to concede Mr. Lang's hope that "the character of the last Stuart Prince of Wales born in England is here drawn with a measure of truth which has hitherto been withheld." It is doubtless also desirable that "even in histories for schools it would be wise to let the pupils understand something about the nature and sources and relative credibility of historical evidence." But when one notes the discrepancies that arise in a police-court about an event that happened the day before yesterday, and that the most truthfully intentioned man is fallible as to fact, there seems ground of preference for the historian who possesses warmth of feeling, and that larger power of divination of the essential character of men and events which produces what was wont to be called a "history."

GEORGE GASCOYNE

Supposes and Jocasta. Translated from the Italian by GEORGE GASCOYNE and F. KINWELMERSCH. Edited by JOHN W. CUNLIFFE. (Heath, 3s. net.)

"I HAVE loytréd (my lorde) I confesse, I have lien streaking me (like a lubber) when the sun did shine, and now I strive al in vaine to loade the carte when it raineth. I regarded not my comelynes in the Maymoone of my youth, and yet now I stand prinking me in the glasse, when the crowes foote is growen under mine eye. But what?" So writes George Gascoyne in his dedication of "The Steele Glas" to the right honourable his singular good lord the Lord Gray of Wilton. True, he goes on in his next paragraph to instance cases of great men who had been wild youths: "Aristotle spent his youth very ryotously, and Plato (by your leave) in twenty of his youthful years was no less addicted to delight in amorous verse than hee was after in his age painful to write good precepts of moral philosophy," yet any apology for laziness, even to the stern old puritan of Wilton, would seem superfluous, considering the activity of George Gascoyne's life. Such things are comparative. Standards of vitality differ: the meaning of a day's work varies as widely almost as the value of the work itself. The Elizabethan standard was very high. Men lived then—with a kind of happy genius for life.

George Gascoyne holds a place in literature far more important than the positive merit of his work would warrant. He was an industrious innovator: but he was a courtier and a soldier before he was a man of letters, a member of Parliament even before a writer. He approached literature with the easy nonchalance of a man of action who has brains and adaptability: with small misgiving as to his own powers and immense energy. So he was not at all handicapped by reverence: he had no need of any affectation. He quietly experimented in different forms of literature, quite certain that literature must be the gainer thereby, and incredible as it may seem, literature did gain by his experiments so considerably that he can even be forgiven the shocking precedent which he did something to establish. His efforts cleared the way for humbler and better men. Not that his arrogance was objectionable; it was too natural to be in any way offensive; and Gabriel Harvey happens (inadvertently almost) to judge his work with greater accuracy than his judgments are wont to contain when he says: "M. Gascoyne who wanted not some commendable parts of conceit and endeavour."

George was the son and the heir of Sir John Gascoyne of Bedfordshire, and he was disinherited just when Elizabeth came to the throne and he was about twenty years old. His doings as member of Gray's Inn did not meet with his father's approval, nor with the approval of his constituents, who drew up a solemn petition to prevent his taking his seat in Parliament. "Item," runs this petition, "he is a defamed person and noted as well for manslaughter as for other great cryemes. Item he is a common Rymer. . . . Item he is a notorious Ruffiane and especiallie noted to be a Spie and Atheist and a Godles person." He was thus saved from Parliament, even after an effort to steady himself by marrying a rich widow with a family and by returning to his studies of the law. He went to Holland to fight and to regain fortune under Lord Grey of Wilton. In Holland he had adventures. He distinguished himself for bravery, which won him three hundred guildens beyond his pay; he fell in love with a Dutch lady, to whom he gave a picture of himself: and enemies on the score of this picture trumped up against him a charge of treachery, which came to nothing; he was shipwrecked, and was taken prisoner by the Spaniards for four months, to which catastrophe his encomiast, Master George Whetstons, refers in the verse;

Even there the man, that went to fight for pence
 Cacht by sly hap, in prison vile was popt.
 Yea had not wordes, fought for my lives defence
 For all my hands, my breth had there been stopt.

Having talked himself into freedom he came again to England, and, taking up literature once more, he wrote himself into fame. Only four years of life remained for him. But during those four years he wrote "The Steele Glas," which is the first English satire in verse, a moral play called "The Glasse of Government," and "A Delicate Diet for Daintie Mouthde Droonkardes." At Sir Humfrey Gilbert's house in Limchouse, where he was a frequent visitor, he must have often met Humfrey Gilbert's nephew, young Walter Raleigh, of the Middle Temple. Young Raleigh had Gascoyne in great esteem, as the verses which are prefixed to "The Steel Glass" amply show. There was much in common between the two men, and to Gascoyne Raleigh probably owed his first impulse towards literature. He was an innovator and original, and that bespeaks force of character, a trait which must have drawn young Raleigh to him. For like attracts like in a mysterious manner. Moreover, his early death at the age of forty would impress any influence strongly upon his young friend: and that influence is discoverable in the directness and freedom from literary affectation of any kind which is noticeable in the work of both men. And it is interesting to speculate whether without Gascoyne Raleigh would ever have possessed knowledge and insight enough to realise later Spenser's worth which the scholar Harvey completely failed to see. Be that as it may, the friendship of Gascoyne and Raleigh anticipates pregnantly the friendship of Raleigh and Spenser, which was of importance to the literature of the world. Gascoyne's life resembles in little the subsequent career of Raleigh himself, and the device *Tam Marti quam Mercurio* suited him as nicely as it suited Raleigh, who afterwards, by adopting this device, made it famous.

George Gascoyne was the most considerable man writing at that time. Since the publication of "Tottel's Miscellany" in 1557 there had for some thirty years been a distinct lull in the output of poetry and the work of Gascoyne was a prelude to the revival that came about the years 1579-1582, when Sidney, Spenser, Watson and Lyly first made their appearance, the true harbingers of the tempest of song which broke upon the world in 1590, and continued for some twenty amazing years. He tried his hand quietly as became a gentleman, at every form; realising and pointing out as it were the capacity of the great instrument of the English language. Thomas Nash, far the most discerning Elizabethan critic for all his "phantasticall bibble-babbles and capricious pangs," put him at his right value when he wrote in the preface to R. Greene's "Menaphon" addressed to the gentlemen students. "Whoever my private opinion condemns as faultie Master Gascoyne is not to bee abridged of his deserved esteeme, who first beate the path to that perfection which our best poets have aspired too since his departure: whereto he did ascend by comparing the Italian with the English, as Sully did *Graecae cum Latinis*."

The present edition of the two translations from the Italian of Ariosto's comedy and Ludovico Dolce's tragedy, is neat and scholarly. For a long time it was supposed that Gascoyne in the "Jocasta" had direct recourse to the Greek original of Euripides, "The Phoenissæ." Mr. Cunliffe has effectually disposed of this myth, taken as fact, we may note, even in Mr. Arber's reprint of "The Steel Glass," by printing the Italian version in its entirety and by proving moreover that Dolce himself relied wholly upon a Latin translation of the Greek. Mr. Cunliffe's notes and introduction are brief and admirably to the point.

THE PEASANT AND THE LAND

The English Peasantry and the Enclosure of the Common Fields.
 By GILBERT SLATER. (Constable, 10s. 6d. net.)

THE casual observer who used to go under the name of "the arm-chair politician" is frequently puzzled by the various "movements" of the time. He finds it difficult to discriminate between those that are spontaneous and sprung, as it were, from below, and those that are artificial and stimulated from above. The land question comes inevitably into this doubtful list. It must be evident to the most casual observer that during the last quarter of a century the interest of the English people has shifted its focus. When Mr. Gladstone was in his prime questions of domestic policy dominated all others, and in his day the land and the Church struggled for the first place in the programme of the reformers. But Darwinism seems to have taken the sting out of ecclesiastical agitation, and the long freezing depression in agriculture has effectually damped the enthusiasm of those who used to cry aloud for the nationalisation of land and made capital out of agrarian nostrums. Now that a Liberal Government is in power, however, an attempt has been made to mesmerise into a show of life some of these apparently dying issues. More books have been published about the land question recently than have appeared for a long time previously. The volume before us is one of the latest. It is supplementary to the works of men like Vingrado, Seeböhm, Maine and others. It differs from them to this extent—that the author is engaged in making a political propagandum. In a preface he lays down his own creed as follows:

British agriculture must be democratised. By this I mean that the principle of collective ownership of the soil must be established or re-established; that agricultural co-operation must be revived in forms suitable to modern conditions; that the ancient right of independent access to the soil for every tiller of it must be restored; that a career of industrial advance in agriculture must be made possible for the competent worker.

Dr. Slater has been fortunate enough to secure an introduction from the Earl of Carrington, the Minister for Agriculture, but here we find a view expressed that does not exactly tally with that just quoted. Lord Carrington says:

Common field agriculture was a survival of customs and institutions which had grown up when each village lived its life to a great extent in isolation. It was necessary that the villager should almost forget that he was a Little Pedlingtonian to realise that he was an Englishman. Village patriotism had to lie down temporarily to make way for national patriotism; and when the spirit died out of the village community its form could not be preserved.

Dr. Slater it will be noticed, holds that the principle of collective ownership of the soil must be established or re-established. Lord Carrington, on the other hand, declares practically that collective ownership belongs to obsolete conditions. The truth would appear to be that Dr. Slater has not thought out his case with the exactitude and impartiality which should be expected from a serious student. There is a certain carelessness evident alike in his argument and in his style. He uses the "ladies' pronoun" much as though he belonged to the gentler sex himself. "One is tempted," "one is inclined," "one is therefore inclined," are phrases that look out from nearly every page and contrast curiously with the forcible opinions that the writer means to uphold. His confusion appears to be easily explicable. No thoughtful student is likely to take an extremely decided or absolute view of enclosure. On the one hand to the agriculturist it is manifest that the system of open field cultivation had not the element of endurance. It did not conduce to thoroughness and progress. Individual ownership was necessary before any great improvement in husbandry could take place. As Lord Carrington says, the process was inevitable. On the other hand, statesmen of very different shades of political thought, have agreed that the enclosure of waste or common land was carried out without due regard being paid

to the interests of the peasants. The yeoman farmers of the eighteenth century, concerning whom so much has been written, owed whatever prosperity attended them to the fact that attached to their small holdings was a considerable quantity of common grazing. Without that common grazing, existence was impossible, and after the commons were enclosed they gradually passed away. There is not a county in Great Britain where evidence cannot be obtained of the existence of great numbers of small holdings that were gradually consolidated into large farms. We do not know that the change was as regrettable as is sometimes set forth. Romance has woven a great deal round the yeoman farmer that is in contradiction to the reality. The yeoman was an interesting English character, sturdy and independent, but as a rule a very poor agriculturist. No buildings were in worse repair, no fences and ditches more ill kept, than those that belonged to the small owner. Whoever wants the history of the whole class written in brief will do well to study the life of Richard Jefferies and his progenitors, and see how gradually the money-lender forged his bonds round them. Before the father of Jefferies left Coate, the place with its neglected orchard, its heavily thatched roof that was unended and full of holes, the tumble-down buildings and picturesque and unattractive garden was exactly typical of the residence of many hundreds of small proprietors. The acres now have got a new master, the old thatch has been torn from the roof, the buildings rebuilt and a workmanlike appearance given to the whole steadings so that a contrast is made which brings the new face to face with the old. The hankering after the re-establishment of a form of agriculture which has grown obsolete is in our opinion bound to be disappointing. What we require are changes suitable to modern conditions. The peasant proprietor of old could exist mainly because he was content to live in a very rough way. His little place was almost self-sufficing. His linen was woven by the women-kind of his household. He was content to go in homespun made from the wool of his own sheep and his palate had been accustomed to no daintier fare than was provided by the land on which he lived. But to-day the most ordinary labourer is accustomed to more luxury than would have satiated his master one hundred years ago. He is content neither to be clothed nor to eat in the manner of his ancestors. Hence if he is to be induced to remain on the soil it will not be by the offer of land on any security whatever, but by the opening up of chances to earn such a livelihood as is necessary to him in these times. Dr. Slater writes very strongly about common ownership and co-operation, but we do not know that he has had the same experience as Lord Carrington, who writes the introduction. On the small holdings of the latter in the neighbourhood of Spalding we do not know of anything at all in the nature of common ownership. On the contrary the individual owner of the estate is Lord Carrington himself who lets it to an association, they in their turn letting it to individual tenants. If we mistake not the very greatest difficulty has been experienced in promoting co-operation among the tenants in question. The truth is that on a modern small holding the conditions of success are first that the land be heavy and fruitful, and second that good markets are available. No doubt it is a problem demanding solution what provision to make that will take the place of the common pasture. That passed away with the Enclosure Acts. On Lord Carrington's holdings we believe a tentative effort has been made to give each tenant grazing at so much per beast on a field that is practically common. Yet this is no renewal of the old state of affairs, because the grazing is let in exactly the same business manner as it would be to a grazier if it were a park. The reformer of to-day, in fact, cannot with any chance of success revive the conditions of the past. He must make up his mind to deal with things as they are.

THE TRAGEDY OF FAILURE

The Triumph of Mammon. By JOHN DAVIDSON. (E. Grant Richards, 5s.)

It is generally believed—or at least maintained—that fame and success are demoralising things, that wealth is a curse to its possessor, and that it needs poverty and failure to brace a man and bring out his best qualities. It may be so with some people, but in the great majority of cases the exact converse seems to be true. Men grow warm and genial with success, crabbed and sour with adversity. When the world smiles on them they smile on it; when it frowns their spirits fall and they grow dull and sulky. After all, it is only natural that people should be more agreeable when they are happy than when they are miserable, and if people are agreeable they are fulfilling at least one important duty to society. Giuseppe Giacosa, the famous Italian dramatist who died the other day, wrote a very interesting play on this subject. It was called *Come le Foglie*, and it told of a commonplace middle-class family who filled their place well enough in the social system and seemed quite decent people so long as they were prosperous.

But the time came when they had to stand the test of calamity. The father lost his money, and the various members of the family were compelled to face poverty and set about making a living. The result was an appalling revelation of character on the part of these unhappy people. They had seemed pleasant, well-conducted folk enough in their good days. Shut in by their wealth and sheltered from temptation they had had no opportunity for showing of what clay they were made. When the opportunity came they showed it in unmistakable fashion. The mother was vain and self-indulgent and was ready to sell her honour for a trinket. The son was feeble and nerveless, incapable of sustained effort. The daughter—but it is unnecessary to go through the catalogue.

These reflections are suggested by the perusal of Mr. John Davidson's latest play, *The Triumph of Mammon*. Mr. John Davidson has been, from the worldly point of view, a failure. He tells us so quite frankly in a long epilogue to the present volume. In fact he is always telling us so. We seem to recall much the same confession (or rather profession, for Mr. Davidson is evidently rather proud of it) in another play—*The Theatocrat*—which he published a few months ago. Now there may be some people, as we have admitted, whom failure strengthens and braces. It calls out all their patience and self-control. It makes their work finer, their artistry more conscientious. Mr. Davidson is not one of these. Failure flies to his head. It makes him peevish and violent. In his younger days one recalls him as a poet of some gifts and accomplishment from whom a good deal was hoped. Those days, we fear, are over, and in his later work we note, with real regret, a steady falling-off in workmanship, an increasing lack of taste or self-control, and an over-mastering egoism which would be ridiculous if it were not rather pathetic. Mr. Davidson is a zealot and a reformer; but the world is not to be reformed by mere railing, and the violent absurdities of *The Triumph of Mammon* make dreary as well as unprofitable reading. The whole performance reminds one of a small boy in a passion shouting bad words at his nurse. Had Mr. Davidson's earlier plays won the recognition which he considers to have been their due he might (though of this we are not sure) have done creditable work for the contemporary stage. They failed to do so, and the result is *The Triumph of Mammon*. It is one more instance of the tragedy of Failure.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

Stories from the Æneid. By H. L. HAVELL. (Harrap, 2s. 6d. net.)

THE necessity for this book is not apparent. It is very doubtful, in fact, whether the rendering of the great Latin epic into prose is desirable, even if it were possible. But Mr. Havell's object is not translation so much as adaptation. He wishes to set before the schoolboy, the story of the Æneid, as distinct from the literary form, whereof the difficulties too often extinguish the budding interest in the tale of which it is the vehicle. And, in so far as the tale is lucidly set out, he has succeeded in his object. The book is in no sense a "crib." It could not be used by the most ingenious lad as a help to the rendering of a single line of the Latin, but, by giving the development of the "plot" in an intelligible form, it will help the youthful Latinist to realise that Vergil did not write with the sole object of torturing him and his kind.

But to say that the prose of Mr. Havell conveys the least idea of the magic of Vergil would be ridiculous. Indeed, he seems to us to betray a fundamental misconception of the real value of his poet. To him, the epic is essentially Roman in spirit, essentially Greek in form. *Quot homines, tot sententiæ*, especially in the matter of a greater man than any of them. But to our mind, the great charm of Vergil lies in his perfect Latin—his absolutely certain handling of the Roman medium, while the *spirit* of the Æneid is wholly to seek. It is a running narrative, an easily-flowing romance, with a strongly political sub-motive, but destitute of a single touch of real humanity save in the character of Dido, which with the "boat-race" passage is worth the whole of the rest of Vergil put together. The style of Vergil is his sole claim to greatness. So great is its flexibility that he can move his reader to charming glow of sympathetic passion, grief or excitement by words alone. But robbed of the setting of words, every character, every incident, fades into ghostly unreality.

And Mr. Havell has indeed stripped the poet of his garment of words. True, he begins well enough, but the level of restraint is not kept up. It is not long before his prose becomes alternately pedestrian and high-falutin', while dulness pervades the whole like the drone of a bag-pipe under the skirl, with occasionally a false note such as "the Trojan Goliath" (Bitias) to jar and offend. Quotation is often unfair in a review, but perhaps it may not be amiss to give a single instance of the average style of this bait to catch the interest of the schoolboy. It is taken at random from p. 169, but is very fairly representative of any page after the first twenty.

Nisus forthwith unfolded his plan, which coincided so opportunely with the subject under discussion, and explained that he had already reconnoitred the ground while hunting with Euryalus, and followed the forest paths to the neighbourhood of Pallanteum.

Dryden is not only more palatable reading. He is closer to Vergil:

Nor can we be mistaken in the way;
For, hunting in the vales, we both have seen
The rising turrets and the stream between
And know the winding course with every ford.

There are, of course, those who are constitutionally averse to poetry. But to these Vergil cannot appeal in any guise, for in Vergil the subject-matter is subsidiary to the form, and the style of this book of Mr. Havell's is amorphous.

The book is well printed in large clear type. The binding before us is, however, ornate to a degree: we should rather describe it as gaudy. The illustrations vary greatly. They are reproductions from paintings by Draper and Richmond, of sculptures both ancient and modern, of a couple of engravings by Picart, of two examples of "black and white" by Evelyn Paul, and of seven drawings by Sir E. Burne-Jones. There may be

admirers of the great pre-Raphaelite who will find beauty in these drawings, but no one could claim for them either force or fire, or even the faintest touch of harmony with Vergil. For the most part they are but unfinished sketches, decorative enough, perhaps, but weak in touch and futile in design. As illustrations to the Æneid they are as misleading as the text which they "embellish." And their weakness is rendered the more obvious by their unsuitability to the half-tone process of reproduction.

If the book is intended as a mere *précis* of the Æneid, well and good. It has some of the qualities of a good *précis*. But as an introduction to the spirit of Vergil, and his poem, it is a lamentable failure, the more to be regretted in that its existence is uncalled for.

British North America: I. The Far West, the Home of the Salish and Déné. (The Native Races of the British Empire.) By C. HILL-TOUT. (Constable, 6s. net.)

EVEN the casual traveller who wanders at all from the ordinary tourist routes in America becomes aware that among the North-American Indians are included types offering very diverse characteristics. Especially, omitting certain peculiar races of the southern and south-western United States, is the inland Indian superior in physique to the fish-eating, more or less mongoloid red man of the Puget Sound and North Pacific coast region. According to modern scientific methods, however, the Indians are divided into linguistic stocks, the groups being arranged according to the community or diversity of their languages; so it comes about that one of the peoples forming the subject-matter of this volume, the Salish, which inhabits a wide area comprising the four most north-westerly States of the American Union and thence stretching over all British Columbia to and over the mountains and far eastward and northward towards Behring Sea, contains tribes representing in almost their extreme form both the inland and the coastal types. The inland Salish, as also the Déné, living hunters' lives in the mountains and the plains, instead of squatting in canoes and eating easily-won fish, have the wiry, lissom figures which one sees in the hunting tribes further south and east, but unlike many of the latter—and still more unlike the red man of fiction—the British North-American Indians are, it seems, deplorable cowards. All authorities unite in pronouncing them to be "timid, pusillanimous and cowardly," and when an affair of honour has to be settled, even among warriors, they use no deadly weapons, nor even fists, but find sufficient satisfaction in a wrestling bout in which hair-pulling is the chief method of attack. Also, it appears, among some of the Déné, when one man wants another man's wife, all that he has to do is to challenge the husband to a wrestling match, when, if he proves the victor, the woman *ipso facto* becomes his property. It seems a primitive arrangement, but none the less both these races, and especially the Salish, possess and, according to the authorities, live up to, a lofty code of ethics, with a classification of virtues and vices which is almost exactly Christian. On the whole, in spite of their cowardice, the picture which Mr. Hill-Tout gives us is of a distinctively engaging people. His knowledge, of the Salish especially, is evidently of the most intimate and we get a quantity of detailed information, pleasantly conveyed, of their ways of life and thought, together with discussions based on knowledge at first hand of such subjects (of interest to readers of the ACADEMY) as totemism and spirit religion. The black spot in the picture is the awful rapidity with which the people themselves are disappearing, for it seems that their numbers now are little more than one-tenth of what they were when white men first came in contact with them hardly more than a century ago. "The principal cause of this excessive mortality is alcoholism. Chief among the secondary causes are small-pox, syphilis and pneumonia." Individual tribes have diminished from five thousand to eight hundred in forty years, and from over two thousand to seven hundred in twenty. In spite of their virtues and

the readiness with which they have assimilated some of the better features of civilisation it is evident that as peoples they are "tending visibly not to be" and we are now none too soon in embarking on their scientific investigation.

LYING IN FICTION

IN an interesting and suggestive introduction to Messrs. George Routledge's last published volume of "The Early Novelist Series" ("Moll Flanders" and "Roxana" by Daniel Defoe), Mr. E. A. Baker contends that Defoe was the inventor of the naturalistic novel. Without plunging into the heated sea of controversy as to what actually constitutes realism and naturalism in fiction—a subject for which we have neither time nor space—and beyond expressing the general belief that in France naturalism begins and ends with Guy de Maupassant, and in England with Mr. George Moore, we would venture to suggest that Defoe was not, strictly speaking, a novelist at all, any more than was his admirer and imitator, George Borrow, that he was not in the artistic sense an inventor, and that it is from an entirely different point of view that his fiction, if we are to understand it aright, must be considered.

Apart from any distinction of schools, the writers of fiction in all countries, and of all ages may be divided into two classes: artists who through the medium of their imagination are revealers and tellers of the truth; and liars, deliberate and often heartless liars, who disguise and distort the truth, who lie with a specific purpose, mostly for pelf, and sometimes by reason of a degenerate nature, instinctively, because they cannot help it.

In the latter class we must unhesitatingly place Defoe, and when we add that in our opinion his only equal as a liar in fiction has been Alexandre Dumas, it will be recognised at once that we do not begrudge or deny to him a very high pedestal in the world of letters. The methods of the two men were of course widely different. Dumas lied naturally as a nigger, whose great grandfather had been a slave. Holding History behind his back like the traditional hen which Sambo has stolen from a neighbour's farmyard, all the wealth of his negro imagination was brought into play to tell a false story about it, and though his fantastic explanations merited a cowhiding, the very luxuriance of his lies and the ingenuity of his invention raised the smile which entailed forgiveness. Another of these liars was Zola, whose motives, however, seem to have been, like those of Defoe, almost purely mercenary. To give an example. When Zola's "L'Argent" first appeared, as a feuilleton in a Paris daily paper, it was easy for the reader to calculate every day to a nicety at which particular point in the story a filthy scene was impending. The Bourse being a dry and technical subject, an instalment of the feuilleton loaded with figures was certain to be followed by a chapter reeking with *immondices*, and this alternation was necessary to achieve a popular success. A special public had to be catered for. A certain phase of life had to be deliberately misrepresented in the interest of the sale of the book, and all this on the pretence of holding up the mirror to human nature, of proving a pseudo-scientific theory in the name of a pseudo realism.

It may seem harsh to describe these writers and their kind as liars, but after all it was the profession which they would seem to have chosen for themselves, and they were very successful at it. Only in the case of Defoe did it involve any discredit during lifetime, and he and the others, after their deaths, have not ceased to be commemorated and belauded in every possible way. Dumas has his statue in the Place Maiesherbes of Paris. Zola is at the Panthéon. And Defoe, liar as he was, holds, and will ever hold, a warm place in our own, and surely in every English heart.

The harshness of the expression is further excused

when we reflect that the question of truth or falsehood in fiction involves a great artistic, and for that reason, a great moral principle. For art is never separable from morality, and is, in fact, at the basis of it. Among the artists *sans peur et sans reproche*, who never lied, are Shakespeare, Cervantes, Richardson, Fielding, Balzac, Flaubert, Meredith, Hardy—to mention only a few great names picked at hazard. Those who did lie had, as a rule, the immediate and mundane reward of the unfaithful steward; but we must be excused if we decline at this time of day to be taken in by them, or to accord to them a dignity in literature which they have no right to claim. "All is true," writes Balzac in the introduction to the "Père Goriot"; and all was true, artistically and morally true, of that eternal truth which the artist alone can seize and fix, though all was admittedly fiction. Defoe, too, would have had you believe that what he wrote was true, but his motives were not the same.

The world [he wrote in his preface to "Moll Flanders"] is so taken up of late with novels and romances that it will be hard for a private history to be taken for genuine where the name and other circumstances of the person are concealed;

and he began his story with a sly attempt to hoodwink the reader:

My name [Moll Flanders is made to say] is so well known in the records or registers at Newgate and in the Old Bailey, and there are some things of such consequence depending there relating to my particular conduct, that it is not to be expected I should set my name or the account of my family to this work.

And in the introduction to "The Lady Roxana," Defoe

takes the liberty to say that this story differs from most of the performances of this kind . . . in this great and essential article, namely, that its foundation is laid in truth of fact, and so the work is not a story but a history.

Even Mr. Baker is a little flabbergasted at this bare-faced lying on the part of the "inventor of the naturalistic novel," and admits that

some of his more elaborate frauds certainly go beyond all bounds of literary artifice. In order to pass off his account of the career of Jack Sheppard as an actual dying confession, he got the condemned man, as he stood on the scaffold, to hand a document, purporting to be the manuscript of the book, to a messenger who brought it to Defoe.

But Mr. Baker adds "in extenuation of these offences against literary ethics" that Defoe "taught once and for all that the novel has its own method of imaginative actuality, and so laid the foundations of modern realism deep and secure." If Defoe did that, he did it unintentionally. Having expanded the chapbook into a lengthy narration and tricked out its plain, unsophisticated style with certain literary graces, such as would appeal to the middle classes of his time, and seasoned the whole with puritanical sermonising, Defoe's sole aim was to secure commercial success for his work. His lies are the "unavoidable trading lies" which he so graphically describes in "The Complete English Tradesman." "He must be a perfect complete hypocrite," says Defoe, "if he will be a complete tradesman." And on another page, he adds, "there is some difference between an honest man and an honest tradesman; and tho' the distinction is very nice, yet I must say it is to be supported." The gentle Elia was so amazed at this revelation of cynicism that—the "Short Way with the Dissenters" being in his mind, no doubt—he remarks:

If you read it in an *ironical sense* and as a piece of *covered satire* it is one of the most amusing books which Defoe ever writ, as much so as any of his best novels. . . . It is almost impossible to suppose him in earnest. Yet such is the bent of the book to narrow and degrade the heart, that if such maxims were as catching and infectious as those of a licentious cast, which happily is not the case, had I been living at that time I should certainly have recommended to the Grand Jury of Middlesex, who presented the "Fable of the Bees," to have presented this book of Defoe's in preference, as of a far more vile and debasing tendency.

One is led to suspect that Elia cannot have read the book through, or he would have been forced to the conclusion that it is pure Defoe from beginning to end, crammed with commercial knowledge and common sense, oleaginous

with the hypocritical moralising in which he was an adept, and admirably adapted to please the middle-class reader for whom it was intended. The fact is that no one "knew his public" better than Defoe. Even the "Short Way with the Dissenters" was almost certainly written without any ironical intent, but merely with an eye to business. That the government, unable to conceive the possibility of such cynicism on the part of a nonconformist, insisted that it was an ironical libel, and pilloried its author, is the one irony in the situation, and among the most delightful in history. Defoe was the inventor, not of the naturalistic, but of the commercialised novel. Each one of his books is elaborately planned, and its elements combined, to reach the pockets of a class, numerically large, just able to read, but destitute of all literary taste. This class, which corresponded in Defoe's time to the upper and middle *bourgeoisie* of to-day, stood then much closer to the gallows than it does now. Stories of crime, of transportation, of hangings, fascinated readers of this class. At any moment it might be their turn. Financial ruin left men and women alike with practically no other resource than theft. Highwaymen were in many cases gentlemen, who, in Defoe's own words, "were driven by the exigence of their fortunes to take the road." To this vast public living upon the fringe of respectability, Defoe addressed himself. He was at once their entertainer and their consoler. He accompanied them from the cradle to the scaffold, administering to them with ghoulish unction the last consolations of religion, and received their dying confessions, which he afterwards used and sold as "copy." Who can believe, then, that the stories which he told them were true? Naturalistic they may have been, but not in a sense of truth. Of much the same nature must have been the confidences which passed between Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Harris—naturalism, combined with much oily and sly flattery of each other. For Defoe constantly flattered his public through his heroes and heroines. How pleased the Mrs. Gamps of his time must have been to learn that the midwife in "Moll Flanders," although an abortionist, a pickpocket, and a receiver of stolen goods, was nevertheless a "gentlewoman" of so much "heart," and so moderate in her charges, to prove which Defoe prints one of her bills, which is a model of its kind, and might well have been included in "The Complete Tradesman." And when at last Moll Flanders, after a quite unjustifiable, and most improbable reprieve from the gallows, is on her way, as a transported convict, to Virginia, how polite everybody is to her! The mate on board the ship introduces her as "this gentlewoman" to the captain, and the captain overwhelms her with compliments and favours, and is far too honest to ask from the debauched and incorrigible thief committed to his care any but a very modest present of tobacco in reward for his services. Then she and her highwayman husband wax rich and return to England, where Moll Flanders "lives to be very old," but, fearful perhaps that among his very oldest readers, there might still be some who viewed life joyously, and would resent too crippled a conclusion, Defoe adds, "she was not so extraordinary a penitent as she was at first."

The abiding charm of Defoe is his style—a quality, which, strangely enough, Mr. Baker denies him. Always in dead earnest, as becomes so systematic a prevaricator, Defoe never even smiles. His Robinson Crusoe is appallingly solemn, and not even the blackness of Friday is relieved by one bright spot of humour. But his style has a clearness and glibness, a deft eloquence, bringing it nearer to that of Balzac than that of any English writer, and explained doubtless by Defoe's French origin. His powers as a narrator are unequalled. He was the first English writer to introduce dramatic effect into fiction. According to Alphonse Daudet, Crusoe's finding of the footprints on the shore of his deserted island is the greatest *coup de théâtre* in literature. Charles Lamb quotes situations almost as wonderful and poignant from "Singleton" and "Colonel Jack." And Defoe had the subtly direct

style which suited his genius. Apart from that he stands for all time "unabashed," as Pope put it, in the pillory of Art as one of the greatest liars in fiction.

ROWLAND STRONG.

"MAX"

Le comique est une imitation ; le grotesque, une création.

WHEN Abraham was a hundred years old and his wife Sarah was ninety, three Angels visited them. They sat with Abraham outside the tent while Sarah stood within. One of the Angels, who is called in the narrative "The Lord," announced to Abraham that Sarah should bear a son. Thereupon Sarah laughed within herself. And the Lord said: Wherefore did Sarah laugh? This is the question concerning the human race which philosophers have been continually asking and have never completely answered: "Why do men laugh?" In the case of Sarah the Lord gives the most primitive reason. It seemed to Sarah incongruous for so old a woman to bear a child. The details of the story suggest another, which is really the concomitant of the first—Self-esteem. Sarah was triumphant when she heard that it was no longer her servant but herself who was to bear the heir of Abraham. Imperfect knowledge, which sees incongruity where there is none, is the root of self-esteem. We have therefore a double element of laughter, Incongruity, which is partly subjective, and Self-esteem, which is wholly objective.

Some one has said, "The wise man trembles before he laughs." The saying is profound: it expresses the instinct of humanity, and especially of Christianity, that laughter is somehow connected with deterioration in man. In the language of Christianity this deterioration is called the Fall. The Wisest of the wise, the Logos of God, wept, and was wrath; He never laughed. The beings whom Christian Imagination has especially characterised by laughter are such as Satan, Mephistopheles, Melmoth, types of duality of nature and of self-consciousness of their own incongruity. In the presence of these types we are led to think of a special kind of laughter—that which seizes us spasmodically, against our will, which is irresistible, contagious, a sort of possession. This is like the laughter of the Sabbath and the mad-house. It is also curious to note how frequently we find in the mad-house one of the essentials of laughter, Self-esteem, and how rarely its converse, Self-forgetfulness. Again, in the story of the three Angels the Lord does not laugh, because he knows that there is no Incongruity to laugh at. Abraham trembles before he laughs, he is wise enough to suspect that there is none. If he had laughed he would have laughed, like the infant, from pure joy. Laughter of this kind is essentially simple; it is of the same nature as the gambols of animals, as the laughter and song of the valleys when they stand thick with corn. It is a vegetable laughter. Our laughter is the laughter of Sarah, in its essence dual, self-conscious and not innocent. The monkey and the parrot are serious, the Chinese monster is religious; the Comic which we see in them is in ourselves. In proportion as duality can be traced in the Comic when we regard it under different categories the more distinctly human it becomes. It is most human, and at the same time least innocent in Caricature.

It must be prefaced that much that is called caricature has very little of its essential qualities. The so-called caricatures of Lionardo da Vinci have none. They are minute studies of deformity by a consummate artist and man of science. The cruelty in them is not intentional, it is rather the unimpassioned chronicling of science. They are like the deformed pig of Albrecht Dürer. At the present time, the political drawings of Sir Francis Gould from which we learn contemporary history are not caricatures at all, they are comic allegories, illustrating very amusing legends. They bear the impress of the artist as a witty writer plainly enough, but not as a Caricaturist. Any purpose outside his art interferes with the expression

of the Caricaturist as such, even in the greatest artists such as Hogarth and Honoré Daumier. It completely swamps the lesser talents of Robert Seymour and Charlet. The drawings of Dickey Doyle and of French artists such as Carle Vernet, Pigal and Henri Monnier have very little element of caricature. The comic is solely in the scenes, which are often reproduced with amazing fidelity. On the other hand though the essential element of Incongruity is more plainly visible in grotesques than in any other form of comic art, it can be so exaggerated as to pass out of the region of caricature. Jerom Bosch the latest artist of mediæval grotesques can scarcely be called a Caricaturist, much less can his imitator Breughel, though much of the latter's work was intended for political caricature. The artist and man of letters who carried the grotesque to its highest and most absolute development is Theodore Hoffmann. In France, Grandville on the same lines tended to the phantasmagoria of the mad-house. Here, the perfectly sane and highly objective "Bab Ballads" of Mr. Gilbert are of the nature of the Grotesque, they are not Caricature.

Some preface has seemed necessary in order to elucidate the estimate which I have formed of the work of "Max," and to account for the very high—the unique—place which I give him as a caricaturist. Critics who have known his work before and yet find in the present Exhibition at Messrs. Carfax's Gallery a *revelation*, will in reality never find one. This is not because "Max" has ceased to develop, for he has developed in several directions; nor because Messrs. Carfax's Exhibition is in any way inferior to their two earlier ones; but because the essence of "Max's" greatness was always present, and these critics missed it. The earlier the work the more evident it is, because it has not been obscured to the untrained eye by later accomplishments. "Max" is the purest elemental caricaturist who has yet appeared anywhere. He seizes and exhibits with unfailing certainty the elements of his subjects. These are primarily physical elements, the moral elements can and do express themselves in the physical. "Max" exposes the basis on which the ornament is founded. In this exhibition No. 30, Lord Althorp, No. 44, Mr. Arthur Balfour, and No. 7, Mr. Alfred Sutro, are the simplest examples of "Max's" peculiar excellence. In many examples of this kind the resemblance to the individual does not appear until we have seen him after the caricature. When we have done so we never see him again, "Max's" presentment of him alone remains.

In the distinctness of the impression of his own personality, "Max" is equal to the greatest men who have caricatured, to Hogarth, to Daumier, even to Goya. It would be hyperbole to compare him to Goya as an artist, but in the *genre* of Caricature he alone shares in some degree Goya's points of distinct individualism. Compared with "Max's" individuals the creations of Daumier, and still more those of Hogarth, are but types. This is not merely to be accounted for because the prototypes used by these artists are unfamiliar to us or have passed away so that we cannot compare them with their re-creations. "Max" has the power of creating an individual whom the spectator does not know. It would be unkind to subjects of his art to label them as obscurities, but there must be many on Messrs. Carfax's walls of whose entity in the flesh most visitors have but the vaguest idea, if any at all. "Max" gives these subjects existence.

"Max" is also unique among English caricaturists by never being didactic. Of his views on religion, ethics, art, politics, of his personal likes and dislikes, he tells nothing. It can only be assumed when a drawing is peculiarly repulsive that it represents a very intimate and beloved friend to whom the fullest freedom is welcome. All other English caricaturists who have distinct objective power preach from the pulpit, harangue from the polling-booth, or lecture from the platform. Like Ibsen, "Max" marshals pure data. You may be certain that they are perfectly authentic, but he draws no conclusion from them.

Both artists are of the first rank, their arts are their own ends.

It is incredible that many of "Max's" subjects find real pleasure in his presentment of them, though they may appreciate the honour of affording him material, but the presentments are not cruel in the sense that the caricatures of Rowlandson, Kean and Leech are cruel to the fallen, the unfortunate, the lame, the maimed, and the obese; or as Phillipon, Robert Seymour, and, above all, Daumier are cruel to their political opponents. "Max" meanwhile is unconcerned, he caricatures whatever forms appeal to his artistic sense and are most adaptable to his methods. Peculiarly excellent in this respect, and of the less elemental order, are No. 13, Mr. Haldane, No. 14, Lord Grimthorpe, No. 28, Mr. Edmund Davis. To "Max" these gentlemen were born to be his subjects and have just attained their majority. Over Mr. George Moore and Mr. Hall Caine "Max" has reigned for years until Mr. Caine has been reduced to a diagram and Mr. Moore has almost melted away.

In another direction "Max" is unique. He works as a cartoonist in miniature, and his work is highly decorative in effect. I instance No. 28, Mr. Edmund Davis, again, No. 42, Sir Hedworth Williamson, No. 46, The Tate Gallery. Few pure caricaturists have been colourists. Daumier had a sense of colour which appears in his black and white work. Hieronymus Grimm worked in colour in his rare caricatures, but he had little true sense of it. In tone of colour "Max" has some resemblance to Rowlandson, but his colour is subtler, gayer and more charming. He has not yet shown the power of elaborate composition possessed by Rowlandson, but then his work is much nearer to pure decoration and the effect would be confused by elaboration.

This year "Max" shows powers as a draughtsman and aquarellist suspected but not before developed in the direction which they have now taken. The drawing of No. 52, Mr. W. Sichert—not a particularly interesting caricature—recalls Daumier. It has the broadness and sureness of that master's touch and in its two colours suggests many more. No. 16, Chelsea, is a charming landscape in which Mr. Steers's figure is a pyramid giving a more accentuated note to the foreground. Finest of all in the new vein is No. 2, Mr. Henry James in London. This is a perfectly beautiful study in mist. It will be a pity if it does not find a place in the Print Room of the British Museum.

I have mentioned Hoffmann. The point of contact between him and "Max" is obscured on the surface, but it is fundamental. It may be found superficially in the phantasmagoric design surrounding Mr. Henry James at a Club, now placed in Messrs. Carfax's outer room. The inner relation lies in the intense objectivity of "Max's" work and thus in its approach to what Hoffmann calls "the comic innocent." A symptom of this sort of comic is a burst of uncontrollable laughter. It is part of its essence that it should appeal to individuals differently. Every one should find at Messrs. Carfax's some examples which produce this effect. To me the example which does so is No. 46, A Quiet Morning at the Tate Gallery. Why? The analysis of the individual visitor's mind does not interest the rest. Let each act as his own critic, find the drawing which most appeals to him and analyse the cause of his amusement. It is the only way to enjoy the work of "Max." He is not the artist for the million, in his way he is as learned as Dante. The indolent lover of funny figures will go away disappointed.

G. L. T.

THE SOUL OF THE VALET

THE older one grows, the more one despairs of clearing the judgment. It is generally held that youth is the period at which the judgment is tinged with emotions, prejudices, the personal likes and dislikes that are so

strong in that rich and racing time. As we decline towards middle age, we find, on the contrary, that we grow less, not more, reasonable. On our way through life, we gather associations; and there is nothing for upsetting the judgment like the influence of that priceless, but sometimes troublesome possession, our past. There were years when I had a sound choice in tunes, and was proud to own to something of a fine taste in food. And now—there is a house opposite mine where on Sunday mornings they squall and squeal in the vilest of London voices the vilest of Anglican hymn tunes. One of the vilest of all I can listen to with genuine pleasure: it reminds me of a treasured episode that had not happened twenty years ago. Of all good things to eat, a well-cooked apple-dumpling is in itself among the best. I detest apple-dumplings; because the last one I ate was served me on the eve of a severe illness and a calamitous winter. So, as we go down the hill, we gather accretions that disturb the balance of the judgment and make us call ourselves critics with an apologetic shrug.

Yet there is something that disturbs the balance—if we may judge from many examples—more fatally even than association. And that is personal acquaintance with an artist in paint, or words, or sounds. Perhaps the trouble appears more prominently in the criticism of literature, and to that we will confine our remarks. It is surprising how deeply personal acquaintance with an author affects some critics, lay and professional. There is no warring against associations: our past is a part of us; we cannot cut it off. Another man, an author, is no part of us; he is outside us, and we are the same whether we dislike the shape of his nose or like it; whether his voice is as musical as Apollo's lute or as harsh as a raven; whether his morals be ours or those of Turkey or Arabia. And yet the majority of men who have to do with literature seem unable to shake off the influence exerted over them by the personal qualities of an author. While he is unbeknown to them, they can judge his work by what they have of literary knowledge and taste: to meet him once, or even to pick up scraps of gossip about him in the press is to have their judgments warped.

And warped nearly always in one direction: that is the odd thing. I am not speaking now of "log-rolling," because the basis of the agreement which constitutes log-rolling is intellectual, not of the affections. The Pre-raphaelites are a fine example of a body which worked together with no loss of love between the members; and we have no reason to suppose that the young Celts love each other to distraction. I am speaking of the meeting of strangers. The warping is nearly all in the direction of depreciation. Now and then, no doubt, a big man pats a little man on the shoulder, and the little man in return licks the big man's boots and goes round showing the world in general how dirty his tongue is. There was a flagrant instance of this some two years ago; but such sycophancy is rare nowadays when the big men are less "useful" to the little than "literature's" new patron, the many-headed public. The usual story is this: that a little man is admitted, by accident or by his own assiduous pushing, into the company of a big man. He sees that the big man has a bald patch on his head, or a straggly beard, or a fussy habit. His little mind fastens on some little personal oddity, and thenceforth such power as he had of appreciating the beauty of the great man's work is gone. "I know old S—," he will tell you; "he's no good!" Or: "Did you ever see such a funny-looking little object as H—?" I can't think why they make such a fuss about his novels."

The little man is not morally to blame. It is not through envy of the great man's happy lot. There is no malice. It is not that being a little man, "not tall enough to worship in a crowd," he "spits his small wit." It is simply that he has the soul of a valet.

No man is a hero to his valet: no man, however great, is a hero to the man with the soul of a valet. Not long ago an American author wrote an essay on the ugliness

of men and women of letters, as if it were a matter that affected their work. He had the soul of a valet; and the soul of a valet is the soul to-day of half the journeymen of literature. They have the grace, as a rule, to keep it out of print; they will write as appreciative articles as any about the poems or the novel of a man whom better judges acclaim as great; and would be insulted if you told them that their praise rang hollow. It is in their conversation that the valet-soul peeps out: the smirk, the leer, the patronising shrug that stamps the gentleman's gentleman of the society of letters. No one who has the misfortune to "move in literary circles" but can adduce a hundred instances of the reptile's appearance.

What service can such minds do to literature? They can do, it is true, but little harm, since even when unaffected by the fact that they "know" an author personally, they do but stumble in the footsteps of some Wenceslas of courage and power who has gone before; and among the coteries, the "literary" clubs and the Fleet Street bars there is no one above their own level. But what have they to do with literature at all? All art is a striving upward. The eye of the artist is the eye that sees the great and universal, and does not see the petty and particular. The eye of the valet sees only the detail; and the man who differs from the conventional in the shape of his hat, the manner of his speech or the conduct of his life stands condemned of the servants' hall. The valet can never realise that, to say nothing of the hat or the speech, the conduct of a man's life is of no concern to literature, unless and except in so far as it affects the quality of his work. Incapable of appreciating what is good or great, the little man fastens on what is small and of no account; and with him to know is to despise.

I have said that the soul of the valet is not often allowed to express itself in print. Its timorous and slavish possessor usually protects himself by a safe adherence to the classics (which he does not understand), a cautious disregard of modern work and a positive terror at any signs of novelty in aim or manner, which induces him to leave such work alone. For all that the valet-soul permeates our modern criticism. How is it that a feeble novel will be praised to the skies, and in the same page of the same journal a modern masterpiece will be greeted with faint and calculated welcome? The author of the novel is a valet, too; a cautious, conventional being, whose tie is always straight, and whose mind is as correct and as free from all taint of daring as his tie. The masterpiece may be the work of a genius whose tie, like his mind, is unusual (how often have we been told by the valets of Walter Pater's apple-green tie?). The valet sees the tie; the mind is beyond his comprehension.

We cannot protect the good authors against the intrusion of the valets, though indeed they would thank us if we could. But it is a matter for deep regret that, owing to the present demand for talk about books and authors, there should be valets on the literary staff, and sometimes in responsible positions, of every paper in London. It almost induces one to vow never to make the acquaintance of an author for whose work one has any respect. But I know half a dozen already whose work I admire greatly; and there are one or two of these whom for themselves I love.

H. C.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

LITERARY HAGGIS, À L'ANGLAISE

HAVE the readers of these lines observed a disposition on the part of people generally to bear about with them in their pockets a number of dainty volumes which they constantly consult and frequently change? Have they remarked for example the man in the Twopenny Tube who

on taking his seat produces one such book and buries his nose in it with apparent delight? It is probably "The Traveller's Joy." Then when he emerges safely into upper air, on the street level, that is, have they seen him at once change it for "The Friendly Town"? Following him, in imagination, into his home, have they noted him, after emptying his pockets, select, as he sits himself down by the fireside, "Hymns of the Hearth"? If our readers have not observed a large number of people behaving themselves in this way then we are forced to conclude that something has gone wrong with the publishers. That something has gone wrong with *one* publisher would not surprise us, but that all the publishers had simultaneously made a mistake as to public taste would indeed cause us to wonder. They have concluded recently from signs satisfactory to themselves that the time has come to mince up literature, and they have employed quite a small army of expert persons to hash it up accordingly. The result is to be seen on any bookseller's shelves.

Here are the titles of some of the resulting haggises: "The Open Road," "The Traveller's Joy," "The Wayfarer," "The Pilgrim's Way." Literature has often been cut up and turned into tasty collops. The albums, keepsakes, souvenirs, and companions of a past day were confections of this order. Every young lady had one and much good it did her. It laid in her mind the foundation of that love of literature which is so conspicuous in the Englishwoman of to-day. But these collections were too nice and sugary; they suffered from too much "elegance." In time they were displaced by the poems of Mrs. Hemans and Longfellow; then Tennyson came along and held the field for a full generation. But there was nothing of the haggis or the sheep's head about these polite authors. Even about Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" there was an air of the boudoir. No man by taking thought can become a Tennyson and produce college prizes and birthday gifts, nor did it seem easy, in truth it proved very difficult, to make a better anthology than Palgrave's. Yet there stood the whole body of English literature waiting to be carved and cut up. It was becoming older every day and more unconsumable in bulk, yet immensely rich in tit-bits suitable for popular consumption if properly extracted, confectioned, and named. The situation was most dramatic. Consider it for a moment. The aforesaid body of English literature rotting away unregarded. The great mass of the public ready to consume such of it as could be made edible. A host of "editors" and "compilers" dimly conscious that it ought to be cooked somehow—but how? And the army of publishers, the Crosse and Blackwells of the situation, only too ready to lend a hand, but without an idea, as becomes publishers.

Suddenly there came the man. Some say he was Mr. E. V. Lucas, an author whom we trust it is no discourtesy to call celebrated. Others say it was Mr. Grant Richards, the well-known publisher. Yet others declare that a brain-wave struck these two gentlemen simultaneously. In any case there was a brain-wave, and this is how it operated. It perceived that when a man starts on a journey he provides for everything—what he shall eat, drink, wear, and so forth, but not what he shall read. Let us provide him with something to read, said the brain-wave, and let it be not a series of novels, nor a guide-book, nor a book of easy-going essays—all old and outworn things—but a hash of literature, real literature, all that the best writers had ever said or sung about what the traveller on foot or bicycle sees about him. And in due time appeared "The Open Road," the first literary haggis. And very good haggis it is. Although called "The Open Road" there is something appropriate for you if you find yourself in a "garden" or "orchard." There is "music beneath a branch"; there are fine things about the "reddening leaf," about "birds, blossoms and trees," about "refreshment and the inn," and a variety of other matters. You can scarce go anywhere or do anything, but you will find the appropriate extract. Doubtless it

will even send you to sleep. And if these observations cause any number of persons who do not possess the book to buy it forthwith, we shall be very pleased.

But it was not to be supposed that when this highly successful hash was put upon the market, it would be left in undisputed possession. Not at all likely, with the whole body of English literature lying ready to be cut into again and again. It is a well-known fact that no two haggises taste alike. And so "The Traveller's Joy" and other similar imitations repeated the pedestrian idea. But a brain-wave of this description is not easy to stop. Obviously—even to a brain-wave—a man is not always on the road; sometimes he is climbing hills, or living under them and thinking of climbing them. And it is most comfortable for him to know what the poets and prose-writers have said about mountains. Accordingly when among the mountains you provide yourself with another kind of haggis, "The Voice of the Mountains." If your mood lead you to take the *Clacton Belle* at the week-end, still you are not neglected: there is "The Voice of the Sea" brand. If you are fond of flowers "The Garden Anthology" will see you through a long day, with "Beneath the Bough" for a change. Should it rain as it did last Sunday, there is the already-mentioned "Friendly Town" for companion, or you can supplement church-going with "Prayers from the Poets," while "The Bond of Music" will link up into a harmonious chain an afternoon of Straus (the newest Straus) at the Queen's Hall.

What an age we live in! A year ago and the body of English literature lay rotting like a dead sheep on the hillside, threatening to go beyond the possibility of shepherd's "braxy," and here it is all beautifully cut up, soused, seasoned and cooked, into incorruptible haggis.

Shortly there will be no act of existence but will have its particular anthology. Some, we admit, are not yet provided for. The compiler has got as far as the shaver's extracts, but we have seen nothing for the bath yet. Doubtless it is coming. There are a hundred busy-brained compilers scheming for us, and there is the great body of English literature still rich in material. The result cannot fail, particularly as the process is easy. What is the latest fad? Let it have its anthology. "The Open Road" was happy in the opportunity of its appearance. About that time there was a craze for the open air, and a number of writers that did not know a snail from a hedgehog were declaring weekly that there was no life like the tramp's. They "wrote up" Autolycus "with heigh the doxy over the dale." About the same time American young ladies took to walking through the dewy grass with bare feet, deriving an extraordinary benefit from so doing, and attracting crowds of young men to the same system of hygiene. In London there were people who solemnly set about curing colds by sleeping between sheets of brown paper in a triangular draught created by the open window, the open door, and the open chimney. Naturally, "The Open Road" caught their fancy. There is nothing aids deception like literature. An apt quotation will make a patent pill succeed where a prescription would fail. And of all the devices for the vending and consumption of great literature, there is none surpasses the haggis.

ADAM LORIMER.

FICTION

John Glynn. By ARTHUR PATERSON. (Macmillan, 6s.)

MR. PATERSON describes his latest novel as "a Story of Social Work," and in his publishers' advertisement we are told that the Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor thinly veils the identity of a real and existing society. Neither of these explanations is surely desirable if necessary. The book is strong enough, and its purpose is evident enough to need no excuse or explanation. If such a society really exists, and works

as sensibly and practically as Mr. Paterson describes, we are more than pleased, but its existence neither increases nor detracts from the merit of "John Glynn" as a novel. As we have said the book is strong enough to stand by itself. Readers of Mr. Morrison's "Child of the Jago" will probably be struck by a likeness between the two books. This is only natural, for they are of the same family. But Mr. Paterson need not be afraid of this comparison. His book will possibly not attract so much discussion as its predecessor, for the simple reason that it is not the first of its kind. But in many ways we prefer Mr. Paterson, if for nothing else, at least for the spirit of optimism which pervades the story, and the ultimate success of John Glynn and the Society in their fight against that modern Fagin, Percival Nyne. In this juncture we are glad to be assured that "the Society really exists." Apart from its "purpose" the story is distinctly interesting, at times even exciting. Mr. Paterson evidently knows his "Nile," and understands the emotions and methods of thought of its inhabitants. He makes his hero use just the right primitive means to influence them, and does not use a razor where a bludgeon is the necessary, in fact the only, weapon. His powers of description, too, are high, the account of the fight *without* gloves, the prize for which is the Championship of the Nile, being worthy of comparison with Conan Doyle's magnificent "Croxley Master," or even with the more famous contest in "The Amazing Marriage." "John Glynn" should find favour with readers of all classes. The more serious will welcome a book which contains more than a mere love-story, while those who do not care for too thoughtful fiction will find an exciting and convincing novel, in which the characters are alive, and the interest is sustained to the end.

Odd Lengths. By W. B. MAXWELL. (Methuen, 6s.)

IN entitling his volume of short stories "Odd Lengths" Mr. W. B. Maxwell was more truly inspired than perhaps he realised. "Oh, no, madam," said the draper to the customer at the clearance sale, "there is nothing against these pieces, except that they are what we term odd lengths. They are quite our best materials—you can see for yourself. Just odd lengths." But in spite of the draper's protestations the customer does well to be wary. She has heard the tale before, and she has more than a suspicion that these "odd lengths" are not the best material, that they are, in fact, shoddy goods, deliberately got up to sell. We do not wish to press the commercial comparison suggested by himself too hardly against the author, but we should be doing him an injustice if we admitted that the volume contained his "best materials." With two exceptions the thirteen stories which make up the volume are utterly commonplace. Written, we should imagine to order, for various magazines to a stipulated length, they have all the appearance of the machine-made article. They might have been "turned out" by any hack magazine writer. There is nothing to take exception to in them, but there is also no reason why they should not have died a natural death in the publications in which they appeared. The brilliant author of "The Guarded Flame," "Vivien" and "The Ragged Messenger" has done no service to his literary reputation by giving to them the permanence of volume form.

Her Son. By H. A. VACHEL. (Murray, 6s.)

THIS is a story which grows in interest from the first to the last page. It is well constructed and full of dramatic situations which nowhere develop into melodrama, in fact the more intense and strained these situations become the more naturally and simply does the author treat them. Dorothy is—as a character in the book says—"a heroine," but unlike the ordinary heroine of fiction she does not irritate the reader with her virtues. She acts in an extraordinary way—in the sense that all fine actions are extraordinary—from the first, but accepting her as an

unusual woman we can only once think that her behaviour is not entirely true to her type. From the first the author has, without any apparent effort, made a story which is a series of tragic occurrences seem very close to life, and this without aid from any actual power of writing, for he is not at all vivid in style, and none of his descriptions give a deep impression of outer personality; we do not "see" the people or places very clearly. But if we do not feel that we live with them and know them intimately we do feel that we are being told of real people, and wish to know them better, for it is a story full of human interest. In Dorothy we recognise that rare type of woman—a woman of whom her friends can feel sure. It is much to the credit of the writer that nowhere does he let her degenerate into a virtuous prig, but makes her hold the reader's sympathy all through by her simple courage and fine-heartedness. There is no cheap sentiment throughout the book, which is good enough to make the reader wish that it had just the "little more" which would add so much to it from a literary point of view.

Fortune's Fool. By FRED E. WYNNE. (Brown, Langham, 6s.)

THE book takes its title from the quotation "O, I am Fortune's fool," and we are tempted to ask: "Why drag in Fortune?" Lionel Repton is fool enough to work his own undoing without any help from the capricious goddess. The son of an impoverished Irish landowner, he adopts the medical profession and, much against the will of his father, goes to Dublin to study medicine. Here he meets a pretty, vulgar little hospital nurse and marries her. Too late, he discovers what a less foolish man would have seen long before, that she has a craving for drink and is fast becoming a confirmed dipsomaniac. The story opens with the murder of a woman by her husband, an Irish peasant, and closes with the death of Repton's wife. Too weak to face the consequences of his own folly, he kills her with an overdose of morphia and then crawls back to his old home to die.

One of the Grenvilles. By SIDNEY ROYSE LYSAGHT. (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.)

"ONE OF THE GRENVILLES" is the misleading title of Mr. Sidney Royse Lysaght's tale, but we find, before we have reached the end of the second chapter, that for one should be read six; not to mention a dozen or so of characters who are not Grenvilles at all, all of whom play equally important parts on the author's stage. The story of each is told with whole-hearted enthusiasm and it is small wonder that the book, which contains the material for at least three novels, is incoherent and unwieldy. Yet, those who can face some five hundred closely written pages without flinching will be well repaid by the vigorous and graphic manner in which the characters are set before them and the real wit and humour with which the tale is told.

Captain Desmond, V.C. By M. DIVER. (Blackwood, 6s.)

THIS is a much better story than the title would suggest. Indeed, save for a proneness to dabble in ready-made phraseology, the authoress has contrived to tell a pleasant story of Indian life in a clever manner. Captain Desmond, the hero, is one of those perfect men which only a woman's imagination can create. He is nothing if not heroic, saving the living of men and animals with a *sang froid* perfectly delightful. He has married, however, a pretty girl who resents his devotion to military glory. She wants him for herself alone, cannot understand why married men should go on active service, and is of such a sensitive organism that she is unable to love her husband when he is wounded. In fact, she is the child-wife of the Dora Copperfield order. Thus the gallant captain is torn between love and duty, but with the coming of Honor Meredith, who is the temperamental antithesis to Mrs. Desmond, he is encouraged to pursue his hobby of bravery.

Honor and Desmond, as a matter of course, fall in love. Each one, however, is animated by a spirit of self-sacrifice to be true to the child-wife, and not until a year after Mrs. Desmond's tragic death at the hands of a fanatic, is a word of love spoken between these two lovers. This is the whole story, although mention must be made of the masculine Irishwoman, Mrs. Olliver—a good character-sketch—and Paul Wyndham, a somewhat anæmic individual. There can be no doubt of the fact that the writer knows India and Indian life, and her sketches of the scenery and daily work can be taken as word-pictures of the most picturesque of our possessions. Perhaps she is at her best when dealing with the problem of Honor Meredith's love, and if at times one feels that the lady is insincere in her petty sacrifices, the personality of the childish wife would justify her heroics. Altogether Mrs. Diver has written a story which will give pleasure to every one who reads it, whether they know India or not. And for the latter all the native terms are translated into English with a thoroughness almost overpowering at times.

The Triple Scar. By ELWYN BARRON. (Sisley's, 2s. 6d. net.)

GIVEN a "veritable Mephisto with benevolent intention," who is at the same time a newspaper editor, and a member of the French secret police, there are no bounds to what the reader may expect in the way of sensational incident. Marcel Leviquet discovers that Judge Chartier was stabbed through the heart with a hat-pin, and surmises that the murderer must have been wounded by the force of the blow. A lovely lady is found to have a triple scar upon the palm of her hand, thereupon strange things happen, described with animation, and a spice of chivalrous and romantic sentiment. The innocent 'Toinette is betrayed through the machinations of Mme. Clifton, who, while outwardly of an austere and irreproachable life, plies a shameful trade. A secret passage in her house communicates with the abode of a vicious marquis, where mysterious orgies are held, attended by owners of historic names. Retribution follows after a well-matched game that ends tragically for both players. It is not life, it is not Gaboriau, but it is ingenious and entertaining after its kind.

The Mystics. By KATHARINE CECIL THURSTON. (Blackwood, 3s. 6d. net.)

WHAT will not a long-suffering public endure from a writer who has once succeeded in pleasing it? Mrs. Thurston made a lucky hit with "John Chilcote, M.P.," which appeared at an opportune moment when the public mind was exercised over cases of mistaken identity. It was not by any means so good a book as an earlier volume of Mrs. Thurston's entitled "The Circle," but it was pleasantly and fluently written, and exhibited a certain ingenuity of style and treatment. But since then Mrs. Thurston has gone to pieces, and by the publication of her latest book, "The Mystics," she comes perilously near making herself ridiculous. The veriest tyro at the game could have done better. The idea of the story appears to have been taken from newspaper accounts of various strange sects and religious bodies, which have recently caused some amount of scandal. The "Mystics" are waiting for the advent of a prophet who "will be power made absolute." They have a wonderful temple, an elaborate ritual and a sacred book, which is jealously guarded by the arch-mystics. John Henderson, whose uncle has left all his money to the sect, obtains possession of the book, and determines to impersonate the prophet with a view to obtaining his uncle's fortune. He succeeds in imposing upon the people, but when his power is at its height he falls in love with one of his disciples. His love makes him ashamed of his actions, and he admits himself an impostor. It is possible that something might have been made of such a story, but Mrs. Thurston treats it in a manner at once crude and unconvincing. The characters are mere puppets without a semblance of life, and the episodes of the story are vague and loosely put together.

DRAMA

"THE SUNKEN BELL"

GERHART HAUPTMANN writes a fairy play in five acts. The scene is laid in the mountains and in the village below. The story is simple and beautiful. Heinrich, a bell-founder, has finished his great bell and is taking it from the valley to hang it in the steeple of the church in the mountains, when a water-sprite, one of the mountain-people, wrenches a spoke from the wheel of the waggon; the waggon breaks; the bell rolls down the side of the mountain and sinks into a great lake. Heinrich too falls down and down: a cherry tree in blossom he clings to as he falls but the branch breaks . . . Dying he reaches the hut of the old woman of the mountains, and lies down at her door. The old woman of the mountains is wise: she knows mankind of the valley, and she leaves him to die. Rautendelein her granddaughter is young and lovely: she knows not mankind of the valley and she loves Heinrich, and Heinrich in his pain sees her, the spirit of the mountains, and in his pain he loves her, as the spirit of life and beauty. So when the Vicar and the Schoolmaster and the Barber come from the village to take Heinrich away to his home and his wife, Rautendelein leaves the dwarfs and the elves and the water-sprite and Nickelmann and her grandmother, with whom she has played and lived, and follows Heinrich to the village. There she finds him in his own house with his wife in an agony of grief, the Vicar and the villagers: life is passing from him and none of them can do anything to help him. Rautendelein is left to watch him; she kisses his eyes to make him see: she brews him the draught of youth and life and gives it him to drink that youth and life may be renewed within him.

And Heinrich goes away with her to the mountains. He is able to do such work as he has never done before. He is master of his craft and he is happy. The Vicar comes to him to save him from the bad enchantment, and Heinrich explains to him the new gospel of light and life and love which he is working out from his own experience for the salvation of mankind. The Vicar goes away, sad at his wickedness. Then the villagers come in anger to kill him, and he drives them away; he exults in the renewed strength which this fight for their sakes and his own gives him. But when he is tired after a day's work and the fight, his two children come to him, bearing a jar which is filled with the salt and bitter tears of their mother, and they tell him that she has drowned herself for grief. The sunken bell tolls the knell of Heinrich's past life, from which he has not the strength to free himself. He turns on Rautendelein and curses her and the new life she has given him. And the curses kill her. She dies and goes down to the Nickelmann who lives at the bottom of the deep well. Too late Heinrich repents. To see her again he must drink the wine of power, the red wine of love, and drain the cup of death. He frees her then to come to him as he is dying, and she kisses him to the sleep of death.

Such is the fairy play which Gerhart Hauptmann writes in five acts. It is simple and very beautiful. In the telling of it he has drawn from all the fairy lore of Germany. He has woven, as though from music, the fabric of a vision, in which is seen human weakness and human endeavour. All the elements of this fantastic life of ours are real in the fairy light in which they are revealed. The fabric is built by imagination as though by music

And so not built at all
And therefore built for ever.

Hauptmann, like Shelley, was able to see far into the unapparent, and what he saw resembles strangely what Shelley saw. Again and again in the course of the play great lines from Shelley break in upon the mind, and vindicate the truth of the haunting fairy-dream. You feel that Hauptmann must have taken the torch of hope

from Shelley's own white hands, and that the day when hope will create from its own wreck the thing it contemplates is nearer.

The difficulties in presenting a play of this nature are manifold. The spectacle must be subordinate to the idea even more than in other forms of drama. The poet is speaking directly to the imagination from the people and scenes on the stage, and so the people and the scenes must not distract the imagination. The production must be a sustained effort towards keeping the atmosphere of mystery untainted. And this cannot be done by realistic pantomime methods, however dexterous, or however beautiful even, these methods may severally be. Such effects by their very cleverness destroy the illusion which they are intended to create. This cleverness was the fault of the performance, which was given by Mr. E. H. Sothorn, Miss Marlowe, and their American company at the Waldorf Theatre on Monday evening. For example, the goat-footed water-spirit leapt and laughed dreadful laughs with amazing dexterity, and spoke his lines—he has important lines—far too slowly and in too commonplace a voice. His agility was praiseworthy and startling, but his long opening speech suffered from it in contrast. He should have relied more on his voice and words for the holding attention and less—much less—on his leapings and boundings. There were many other notes which were out of harmony with the music of the play as a whole.

Miss Julia Marlowe played Rautendelein with spirit and perception of the poet's beauty. She is not helped by her personality, which has nothing elfin about it; but at times she suggested a creature of another world by a happy movement, and she was always graceful. Her voice has a beautiful quality and she knows well how to make use of it. Mr. Sothorn played Heinrich with much earnestness, and he delivered the great speech of Heinrich's gospel of light with proper feeling. His performance, however, was a little marred by monotony of voice and gesture; and his effort at the end of the second act was far too theatrical for the delicate construction of the play. Mr. Crompton and Miss Clifton were very good as the Vicar and the wise old woman of the mountains, and the elves danced prettily and well.

H. DE S.

FINE ART

THE NEW GALLERY

As a display of modern British art the summer exhibition at the New Gallery is held by the vulgar to be second in importance only to the Royal Academy, and there would be good reason for pessimism if the works annually shown at these two institutions were in reality the best examples to be found in contemporary practice of British painting and sculpture. Happily all who have studied the ramifications of modern art, its secessionist and schismatic tendencies, are aware that the best must be sought in many folds, that the excellence rarely found in the main tracks of Piccadilly and Regent Street may by diligent search be discovered in the by-ways and hedges. Of the admirable work being accomplished by Sir James Guthrie in Edinburgh, for example, or by Mr. Brangwyn in Leeds and the City, no hint is given at the New Gallery or Burlington House; and since these exhibitions are wanting not only in examples of the work of the most promising of our younger artists but also of the achievements of older painters of European reputation, it is clear they cannot in any wise be considered efficiently representative of modern British art.

For the poverty, then, of the exhibition opened this week at the New Gallery, blame must be attached to its directors and committee of selection and not to the present generation of British painters. Plenty of good work could have been had for the asking, had invitations been sent to the proper quarters; and in view of the richness

of the field it was in their power to cultivate, it is astonishing how barren are the results of the efforts of the directors. Half a dozen portraits, two or three other pictures, and a few pieces of sculpture exhaust the artistic interest of the exhibition. There is not a single imaginative subject, a single decorative panel, a single landscape which could be pronounced by the most lenient qualified critic as first class of its kind, and if sounder work is to be found among the portraits, expectations of a masterpiece are sure to be disappointed.

The largest, and in other respects most important exhibit, is Mr. Sargent's presentation portrait of *Dr. Warre* (211), shown standing in his robes on the steps of Eton. It is an attempt at the grand style of portraiture, but if satisfactory as a likeness it leaves a good deal to be desired as a picture. The ex-headmaster is too obviously and self-consciously posing for his portrait and the grey building behind him, for all its cleverness of painting, has the unnatural aspect of a photographer's back-cloth. It is not only that the lights on the figure and the background are different, they are enveloped in different atmospheres, and these two atmospheres do not naturally blend and harmonise. From the picture as a whole we get a whiff of the studio; it does not convince as a realistic rendering of a thing seen, it does not satisfy as a dignified convention of decorative portraiture. As a serious, if not wholly successful, effort, the *Dr. Warre*, nevertheless, ranks higher than the same artist's portrait of *Mrs. Harold Harmsworth* (215), a clever but not remarkable example of his ordinary professional practice. But from a painter's standpoint the most delightful of all Mr. Sargent's exhibits is his little *Architectural Study* (268) in the Central Hall, a gracious impression of harmonious colour, set down with a sincerity and emotion deeper and more convincing than that evoked by either of his portraits.

Less arresting than Mr. Sargent's work Sir George Reid's two portraits have greater dignity and solidity. They are among the best things in the exhibition, and if the art is concealed in a refreshing adherence to an old tradition, that tradition is no dead thing in Sir George's hands, but made alive and vigorous by his own personality. Unlike his younger contemporaries, however, Sir George is at no pains to express his own personality at all costs; it finds expression quietly, without ostentation or conscious effort, while the painter is intent on his sitter, and thereby remains the more effective. *Sir Charles B. Logan* (226) is perhaps the finer of his two portraits, for the characterisation in *Principal Story* is pushed to perilous lengths, bordering on caricature though just restrained from crossing the frontier by the power of the painter's hand.

Mr. George Henry's *Miss Innes* (52) is one of the most gracious portrayals of femininity. The pose of the girl, standing and leaning her hands on the table, is simple and natural, while the warm grey colour-scheme is equally simple and pleasing. Without being a *tour-de-force* it is a distinctive and sweetly painted picture. Another Glasgow artist, Mr. Harrington Mann, is responsible for a sound and delightfully handled child portrait, *Kathleen* (161), and among the best of the remaining portraits are Mr. W. G. von Glehn's skilful *Mrs. G.* (241) in a shimmering light blue dress, Mr. William Logsdail's *Portrait* (163), and *Mrs. Leo Bonn* (66) by Mr. Lavery, who falls far below his own level in his other exhibits.

Among a crowd of pictures whose pigment is turned into "papery chips or slippery cold cream," the glowing canvases, loaded with rich and luscious paint, from Mr. T. Austen Brown are always welcome. *At the Window* (207) is not so much a portrait of the girl who is looking out, as an attempt to render the brilliance of a sunlit road seen from a shaded room. And its heat is felt to such an extent that Mr. Mark Fisher's landscape which hangs near by is obscured and becomes tame and cold. "Where you see no good, silence is the best," said R.L.S., and acting on this principle it is possible to omit all mention of the landscape section. Messrs. Peppercorn, Spenlove-

Spenlove and Alfred East send fair examples of effects they have repeatedly painted before; Messrs. Aumonier, Coutts Michie and Arnesby Brown send works inferior to their own average production. Mr. Moffat Lindner's vision of *Amsterdam* (7), wrapped in a yellow London fog, is a departure from his usual decorative convention, and is clever if not particularly beautiful. But beauty appears to have been sought by few contributors to the New Gallery, though Mr. Alfred Withers has caught it and given it poetical expression in his romantic colour harmony *The Court of Oleanders* (16). This is one of the very few pictures in the collection which the present writer has any desire to see again, and with it, though less intense in its emotion, may be mentioned the richly painted and well composed *La Cité de Carcassonne* by Mrs. Isobel Dods-Withers.

Two marble busts by Mr. Harvard Thomas are the chief ornaments of the sculpture, which maintains a higher standard of artistic workmanship than the paintings. It was daring of Mr. Thomas to render the arms and hands in his bust of Mrs. C. K. Butler, and their sensitive modelling and rhythmical arrangement go far to justify his defiance of convention. His other bust of Miss Alma Wertheimer (475), equally accomplished, is full of life and expression, and after the flat-faced busts commonly exposed to view the tender and subtle modelling of the cheeks is a sheer joy. Mr. Conrad Dressler's "Lupercalia" (494), a life-sized statue of a nude youth, which occupies the centre of the hall, is of a less rare accomplishment; but the figure, especially the back, is ably modelled, and the pose ensures a pleasing flow of line from any standpoint. Awkwardly placed, Mr. Felix Joubert's life-sized equestrian portrait of the *Kingmaker* (482) fails to impose, and the variety of material employed gives it a restless appearance. Seen at a proper elevation it might be more successful and its treatment seem less flimsy and theatrical than it seems at present. Two busts by Mr. John Tweed, Mr. Derwent Wood's statuette, "Echo" (496), and the little bronzes by Miss Gwendoline Williams and Mr. Albert Toft are pleasant additions to the section, and if Prince Paul Troubetzkoy has failed to give complete satisfaction with his "Bernard Shaw," he has the consolation of knowing that Rodin himself fared little better in the pursuit of that elusive personality.

MUSIC

THE LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

IMPERIAL unity and artistic excellence are ideas which do not run easily in double harness. The fact was evident to all who heard the concert, which the London Symphony Orchestra gave last week at Queen's Hall to welcome the Colonial Premiers, but the reason will be variously found according to the point of view of the individual. Perhaps our artistic and our political ideals are alike too highly artificial for the one to become a spontaneous expression of the other; certain it is that on this occasion the only moments of unified feeling were those in which chorus, orchestra, and audience joined in the National Anthem. That stalwart tune is a natural expression of a primitive political idea which all share to some extent, but as the programme went forward the divergence of feeling widened; musicians endured with patience the light-hearted triviality of Sir Alexander Mackenzie's overture, "Britannia," knowing that their ears would be satisfied with Bach and Beethoven, but they chafed somewhat under the protracted Coronation Mass, which Canada, as represented by Dr. Charles Harriss, contributed. Mean-time politicians, who had probably lost their way amidst the mazes of Bach's eight-part counterpoint in the motet, "Sing to the Lord," slipped away before Beethoven could do them further injury, or stayed to interpret Schiller in

their own way, perchance to translate "Seid umschlungen, Millionen" as "Free Trade within the Empire." In short the event was a failure, whether regarded as a concert or as a political occasion illustrated musically. It did not hang together and it is impossible to think of it in retrospect in any other way than by isolating its component parts.

Take first the "Britannia" overture; here is as merry a piece of music as you may wish to meet on a summer's day. Played on the pier while we sit in the shade and watch the waves come in and the boats go out to sea, we should ask no better, especially if it were given with the dash and brilliancy with which the London Symphony Orchestra play it. Looked at critically too, it has points which many works of its kind cannot claim. Not every composer could have written a tune like the second subject of this overture, which sounds at once spontaneous and yet has the lilt of the old English sea-song; while very few could have resisted the temptation to achieve a commonplace climax by thundering out "Rule Britannia" at the end. Tchaikovsky certainly would have done so, Rubinstein and Reinecke in overtures on other patriotic tunes did it, but there is a touch of refinement in the way Sir Alexander Mackenzie has suggested the rhythm without labouring at the tune, which puts his work on a higher level than these. Still, it was hardly a suitable prelude to "Sing to the Lord," which belongs to a wholly different world of thought and feeling. Such a work requires that a large space should be cleared around it; in order to appreciate its colossal proportions, an audience should come to it with fresh ears. As the Sheffield choir hurls forth these mighty pronouncements it is possible to be so carried away by the volume of sound as to miss the detail of the workmanship, and to gain but a vague sense of a vast outline, without perceiving how finely it is chiselled. But it is not difficult to overcome the tendency, for these singers enunciate their phrases with an incisive force which is instrumental rather than vocal, and which has a wonderfully bracing effect upon the mind. If we could constantly hear Bach sung in this way, numbers of people would gain the power of contrapuntal listening, that is, of hearing the outlines of the individual parts as well as the massive effect of the whole. Dr. Coward conducted this, the only work in which the qualities of the choir were heard fully.

In the Choral Symphony Beethoven used the chorus, both as a means of giving to his *finale* a warmer human interest than instruments alone could give, and because he wanted to conclude with the words of Schiller's ode. Having introduced it, he treated it rather as an adjunct of his orchestra than as flesh and blood. Herr Arthur Nikisch, in conducting the performance, concurred so completely with this point of view, that often the choral effect was overpowered by the orchestra. Up to the entrance of the voices the performance was excellently balanced; the control exercised over the first two movements made the contrasts of tone sound daring without being incongruous, while the sublime melodies of the slow movement could scarcely have been more eloquently expressed. The declamation of the violoncellos and basses in recitative seemed to strive for the clear articulation of words, while the section in which the orchestra evolves the great theme of the *finale* was a magnificent piece of playing. Unfortunately the entrance of the bass voice did not come as the climax to the structure; Mr. Ffrangcon Davies sang the recitative stiffly and the whole quartet of solo-singers were ineffective, though all seemed to be working hard. Madame Agnes Nicholls indeed could hardly be improved upon, but the minor parts sung by Miss Alice Lakin and Mr. Lloyd Chandos did not support her.

The Choral Symphony does not lose much by being sung in a bad English translation; Beethoven was carried along by the ecstatic feeling of the ode and only in a few places stopped to set particular words to significant phrases of music. A tremendous climax is attained; how it is done cannot be seen. It seems to be by a titanic effort in

which is a good deal of wasted energy. The achievement is at once less consummate and more wonderful than Bach's in "Sing to the Lord." In listening to the latter we hear music in its first innocence when noble works were created without effort and without pain. The struggle by which Beethoven rose to so high a plane was terrible, and his work bears marks of the human toil which bring it nearer to us.

Could these two works have stood alone upon the programme we might have listened to them adequately, and certainly no more fitting welcome could have been offered to our guests. Unfortunately between them stood the mass by Dr. Harriss and the result was a jaded and tired audience who gradually evaporated as the symphony progressed. Upon the workmanship of this mass I prefer to pass no criticism, but would enter a final protest against the attempt to combine these incompatible elements. Here was sufficient material to furnish two occasions, a concert and a political gathering. Our patriotism need not have suffered, while our musicianship would have been improved by separating them.

H. C. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

WALTER PATER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have just been reading Mr. Thomas Wright's "Life of Walter Pater." An unpleasant impression of something coarse and unsympathetic in the touch of the writer lingers after the reading. I might put it, in fact, in more precise (if stronger) terms, and say that during its perusal a peculiarly blunt and vulgar callousness forced itself upon my attention. I refer particularly to the writer's comments on Walter Pater physically. Time after time, with a curious absence of delicacy, some point or other concerning Pater's physique is obtruded upon the reader's notice in a way that nothing could justify. Mr. Wright's susceptibilities in this direction have apparently something of the professional bluntness of a Barnum showman. Whatever has to do with Pater physically seems to evoke something derisive in tone—Mr. Wright acts as a kind of showman and takes particular trouble to emphasise any peculiarity—not forgetting to add his own small contribution of wit to the mirth of the occasion.

And this is not because the writer was unaware of Pater's own sensitiveness to his shortcomings. "There was one picture," the biographer writes, "which always gave him pain—the one which he could see any day in the looking-glass." It needs but little imagination to realise this "pain," for there are few forms of torture more potent than that of a sense of physical shortcomings (with just a touch of the ludicrous) allied to an exquisitely sensitive temperament. The very fact that there is a certain sordidness in such trouble only makes it rattle the deeper and provides for every day its inevitable cross. And may we not think that there is some feeling of all this underlying those words in "Appreciations" where Pater speaks of literature as "a refuge, a sort of cloister refuge, from a certain vulgarity in the actual world"? We might even think of this sense of physical shortcomings as being perhaps the chief of those things from which he sought a "refuge" in literature. And surely it is one of the ironies of life that Pater, who thus looked on literature as a "cloisteral refuge," should so soon have this department of life which he thought so secure so roughly invaded, and the vulgarity which he had shunned in the world be brought there to be fixed biographically as a kind of permanency. For surely this is what the present biography has succeeded in doing.

The following is an instance, and can we not detect in the relating a kind of showman's trick of dressing up the abnormal to accentuate deficiencies? We are here invited by the biographer to dress Pater up in imagination as a "soldier" and—laugh. Thus: "Pater in a scarlet jacket and black facings would have been a sight for gods and men." Could anything be more unnecessarily unkind? It is not as though these witticisms increased any of that parasitic profit which biographical avidity of this kind gets out of dead men's notability. The book would have sold just as well without any of it.

Here is another instance. In view of Pater's sensitiveness,

could anything be more revolting than the following—and the context . . . "the suggestion made at a subsequent meeting to discuss the External Improvement of Pater, that the hunch-back should next be dealt with found no supporters." Surely the touting of the "biographer" might have culled something less disgusting than details of this kind.

And to add poignancy to the pathos of the situation we must remember Pater's delight in physical fitness, such as he revels in in those Greek dreams of his. Can we not imagine that there must have been almost an hourly pang in his life there at Oxford, amid all that clean-limbed, buoyant-gaited athleticism to which he was an outsider?

An intimate of his writes: "I have in recent times wondered yet more what the real Pater was." Can we not imagine that the "real Pater" was (at least) of all things physically fit? Is there not something pathetically significant in his words of farewell to the boys of Canterbury: "Be boy-like boys"? (despite the blunt perception of the biographer who adds: "which, coming from him who has never by any chance been a boy, was rather out of place"). And yet in spite of all this the biographer loses no occasion to let fall some gibe or other at Pater's deficiencies.

There is one thing to be thankful for however. Whatever there may have been of love in Pater's life is still sacred. The biographical toutings have fortunately failed to result in any acquisition. "It was his (Pater's) frequent boast," says the biographer, "that he had never fallen in love, and we have no reason to doubt his word. . . ." One rose at least has escaped the slime of the snail. Here is a specimen of what might have been further expanded had the search for detail brought anything to light. The showman spirit is once more to the fore, pointing out as with an amused smile his victim's infirmities, and inviting the mirthfulness of all and sundry. Pater as a lover, he thinks, must be decidedly mirth-provoking. "With his odd looks and grotesque figure," this kindly biographer writes, "he made an indifferent cavalier." And to speak thus—now—when a woman who loved him might still be living!

Dissatisfied with life, Pater walked in a new world created of art. In this he elected to walk for posterity. Such a book as the present, however, makes it as if he were followed by a derident street yell of a gamin who could never get over the irresistible funniness of his being "hump-backed."

T. W. COLE.

TWO DISPUTED PASSAGES IN DANTE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your correspondent Mr. A. L. Mayhew, denies that the two passages in the "Paradiso" (xiii. 127, xviii. 119) are "disputed"; but in the notes of the Temple edition are not two alternatives given in each case?

Mr. Mayhew, with many other Dante scholars, is satisfied with the explanation he selects; but it is, I think, a question of probability. Is it probable that Dante would have chosen a sword, our associations with which are so trenchant, to represent a refracting medium, or that by the "God-given power which is the formal cause for the nests" he meant the "formative instinct by which birds build their nests"? Would his contemporaries naturally associate nests with the instinct of nest-building? Many passages, obscure at first sight, are explained at once by allusions (sometimes mistaken allusions, e.g., Purg. xxxiii. 49), especially to the Bible, and it is to be noted that Par. xiii. 127 is preceded (l. 93) by a quotation from the Bible (1 Kings iii. 5 f.) and xviii. 110 by one from the Apocrypha (Wisdom i. 1). Can any Vulgate scholar throw light on its aberration in Ecclesiasticus i. 15?

C. GORDON WRIGHT.

"A NEGLECTED POET"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In the five lines first quoted by "A. D." from the work of "Michael Field," with what word does "orchestra" rhyme? Apparently either with "lay" or "awe," and it is difficult to say which is more disagreeable. If it be intended to have no rhyme, then surely the juxtaposition of these other words is a blemish.

T. S. O.

[The final syllable of "orchestra" of course rhymes with "to-day" and also with "lay." Compare Tennyson's

"Her arms across her breast she laid,
She was more fair than words can say,
Bare-footed came the beggar maid
Before the King Cophetua."

Any one who has any knowledge of poetry could cite a score of similar examples of the rhyme which is perfectly correct and legitimate and not in the least degree "disagreeable."—A.D.]

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Will you allow us to point out that the writer of the article with the above title in your current issue is mistaken in assuming that there is no English edition of Michael Field's "Underneath the Bough." We published this first in the year 1894, and it is still in print.

GEORGE BELL AND SONS.

[The assumption, which was a qualified one, was based on some words of the author's in the preface to the American edition. I am glad to hear that it is a mistaken one.—A.D.]

MILTON'S REVISIONS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your correspondent F. S. S. mentions in your last issue the instance of Tennyson's revision without improvement, in contrast to Rossetti's continual emendation commemorated in "A. D.'s" suggestive and scholarly article on "The Blessed Damozel." Your readers may be interested in emendations by another poet even greater than either of these. Milton first wrote the famous lines in the poem called "At a Solemn Music" thus:

then Where the bright Seraphim in *tripled* row
then Where the bright Seraphim in *princely* row
then Their loud *immortal* trumpets blow
then Loud *symphony* of silver trumpets blow
High-lifted, loud, and angel trumpets blow
And cherubim, sweet-winged squires,
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just spirits that wear the *blooming* palms
Hymns devout and *sacred* psalms
Singing everlastingly;

Finally we have the marvellous, inspired melody of the following lines:

Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
Their loud up-lifted angel trumpets blow,
And the cherubic host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly;

Again, the last line was emended as follows:

To live and sing with him in ever endless light
then in ever glorious light.
then in un eclipsed light.
then where day dwells without light.
then in cloudless birth of light.
then in never parting light.

finally it stands:

To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light.

There were many other emendations in this poem which would take long to enumerate. I hope that your correspondent Mr. H. P. Wright will now realise that the poet grows, as well as the infant, and that the path of inspiration often lies in amendment. If he cannot do so he must content himself with this definition: *Improvement* = an alteration by Milton.

L. L. A. S.

THE FETISH OF THE INTRODUCTION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—You frequently in the ACADEMY protest against the far too common custom of attaching introductions to the works of the great writers. It is indeed becoming time to make protestation. Only the other week, for instance, in mentioning some reprints of Ruskin, you said one of the introducers wrote that Ruskin was visionary and impracticable.

Now Ruskin may or may not have been "visionary and impracticable"; but the thought struck me very strongly at the time: what right has any man, great or small, to prefix the writings of another man, either great or small, with something which is calculated to prejudice the reader either for or against the particular work? Ruskin, we will say, is accounted visionary: but does history warrant us in imagining that any particular age or any individual has such a prescience of the truth as will allow this kind of thing to be done with impunity?

Then, again, just lately, I have come across a reprint of some of Huxley's essays, introduced curiously enough (and published in the same series) by the same introducer, wherein he seeks to alter and belittle the message of Huxley, and wherein he scruples not to make it an excuse for bringing forward yet again his own unsupported views on life's great issues. Fancy, too, Huxley, who felt and wrote so strongly against those religious people who continually give up the supposed truths of their faith and then turn round and say they have won the day, being introduced by a scientist who helps them to do this, and by a scientist who affects to know of things beyond the material universe by means of "intuitions." Could the inanity of "introductions" go further? Could, in the eyes of those who have the writings of Huxley fresh in their mind, a greater sacrilege—I use no smaller word—be committed? If these writers of introductions have anything to say about the author of any "classic" let them say it elsewhere and not thus seek to prejudice the uninstructed reader.

But the conceit of man passeth all bounds. If publishers must have the aid (?) of the introduction, let them choose their introducers with some show of consistency. If they presume to publish the works of a great naturalistic philosopher let them get a naturalist to introduce him; and by analogy let them do likewise in other spheres of learning. But why introduce plain, outspoken Huxley, or even Ruskin—why, it is indeed why?

C. R. MORTON.

FIELDING AS CRITIC

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—A writer in the ACADEMY recently, in giving unqualified praise to the author of "Tom Jones," in which he showed the insight and appreciation of a competent critic, took occasion to refer to the rather tedious and unnecessary introductory chapters, as he put it, as if they deviated from the story itself and interrupted continuity of the narrative. It may be so and it may be sound criticism with regard to story-telling in general. In Fielding's case, however, it affords us an opportunity of gauging his standpoint to the art of fiction and human nature in general. Some such exposition from the father of the English novel was in itself excusable, particularly as his views are somewhat at variance with his contemporaries and their ideas. But these sallies of satire and wit, apart from the accident of their occurrence, contained the wisdom of the artist, and as mere criticism on an art that has had many opportunities of their supersession, if found unsound, since that time, contain the first and the last word in the true writer's outlook upon life. Fielding no doubt was mainly exercised in writing these comments on the progress of his own tale, from a humorous bantering of those choice spirits of his age, such as Richardson, who made virtue ashamed of her own likeness. He was simply laughing at them in his sleeve. We do not say his great prose epic has not grievous blemishes, but his profound knowledge of human nature and the complexity of human life are seen in these essays and form of themselves a contribution of no small value to literary criticism, and it is with these we are now more immediately concerned. All who come after—Scott, Dickens, Thackeray—adhere to their principles and to their truth, so far as they go, and have nothing to add.

To Fielding the novel was the unfolding of human nature. He who would unfold it must know it as he wished to delineate it.

"The provision, then, which we have here made, is no other than human nature. . . . In reality, true nature is as difficult

to be met with in authors as the Bayonne Ham or Bologna sausage is to be met with in the shops."

That these aphorisms of his might be objected to as out of place he is well aware. He playfully remarks to the reader who may object to their relevancy, that he can pass them by and continue the story. No lover of literature or student of life can afford to pass them by. That he would prefer their omission but for the exigencies of his attitude is evident by his remarks:

"OF PROLOGUES.

"I have heard of a dramatic writer who used to say he would rather write a play than a prologue. In like manner, I think I can with less pains write one of the books of this history than the prefatory chapter to each of them. To say truth, I believe many a hearty curse has been devoted on the head of the author who first instituted the method of prefixing to his play that portion of matter which is called the prologue and which at first was part of the play itself; but of latter years has had so little connection with the drama before which it stands that the prologue to one play might as well serve for any other."

A writer's liberty of action with his readers is in proportion to what he has to say. Time and space are governed by things of moment only, many years may produce nothing of consequence and an hour may be fraught with destiny. The novelist's business is to interest. His attitude to his readers is that of a benevolent instructor, so while he "is at liberty to make what laws he please therein," and these laws his readers, "whom I consider as my subjects are bound to believe in and obey," yet these readers' "ease and advantage" are the main "considerations." "I am indeed set over them for their own good only, and was created for their use and not they for mine." But the writer must be familiar with his theme:

"To say the truth, I require no more than that a man should have some knowledge of the subject of which he treats. . . . In short, imitation here will not do the business, the picture must be after nature herself . . . a true knowledge of the world is gained only by conversation and the manners of every rank must be seen in order to be known." He knows, too, the value to comedy of the life of common individuals: "But to let my readers into a secret this knowledge of upper life, though very necessary for preventing mistakes, is no very great resource to a writer whose province is comedy or of that kind of novel which like this I am writing is of the comic class. . . . I will venture to say the highest life is much the duller and affords very little humour or entertainment."

These latter were what he set himself to accomplish. Cervantes was his alleged master, human nature his theme, life his stage. His imperfections (if we may call them such) arise not from these but from within himself and the eyes he directs upon them. Equally pungent is his criticism of the function of the critic.

Censure must be deserved before ventured upon. An author must be faithfully read before being adjudged. It is mere slander of reputation otherwise, nor should a work be condemned for a few faults if it contain real merit. In short the attitude of the critic is to appraise where he can honestly do so and to find as little fault as is necessary. This is the present attitude of criticism itself after two centuries of varied experience, during which time even a Jeffreys was not exempt from blame.

Fielding's portrait is highly suggestive of the critic of these "prologues," and reveals the arch humour and intellectual shrewdness that so eminently characterise his works. If fiction itself be but, as has been said, "a criticism upon life," then Fielding was fully equipped. Indeed, even in his narrative he can hardly refrain from its exercise, as witness the admirable criticism of *Hamlet* in "Partridge at the Play," wherein the pedagogue's adverse criticism of the actors is made all the more enjoyable by its sincerity, or just appreciation of true acting, though put into obliquity by Partridge's ignorant and pedantic applause.

If it be true, as Sir Walter Besant says, that the greatest compliment that can be paid to a writer is to say his story is like life, then Fielding knew what he was about, and wrote with a confidence that such knowledge gave him. Posterity has endorsed his judgment. Besant had nothing to add to his criticism. Nowadays the dynamic forces of life exercise more influence, it may be, on the Hardys and Merediths, and the feeling for circumstance that gives birth to tragedy and which men call fate; or the haphazard of romance takes the place of the desire to amuse and entertain that characterised an earlier age, but the axioms laid down by the father of the novel remain unalterable and must so remain as long as human nature endures.

BARNARD GEORGE HOARE.

POETA NASCITUR NON FIT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. H. P. Wright calls "Poeta nascitur non fit" a Horatian dictum. I wonder in which of the Horatian poems he supposes the dictum to be found, and how he would scan it.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

April 20.

TOLSTOY AND SHAKESPEARE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Count Tolstoy's recent criticisms of Shakespeare seem to have moved a Russian lady to note the effect produced by a reading of *Hamlet* and *Othello* on an assembly of Russian *moujikhs*. An account of the reading has appeared in the Greek paper, *Ημερησία*, but no authority is given, and I do not know whether the report is original or an excerpt from some Russian journal. It has not, to my knowledge at least, appeared in English.

The result of the reading should not be taken as a foregone conclusion. It by no means follows that, because Shakespeare has pleased Englishmen of the sixteenth and of the nineteenth century, and learned and cultivated men of every nation, therefore his appeal to a dull and uneducated, scarcely European, peasantry should also be great.

However, Shakespeare was justified and the sage confounded. Both plays were followed with interest and appreciation by the audience. The passage, *ὑπάρχειν ἢ μὴ ὑπάρχειν*, in *Hamlet* was twice encored and led to a naïve discussion of the ethics of suicide. The reasons for Hamlet's hesitation were apparently thoroughly understood.

The excitement caused by the story of Desdemona was even greater. To quote from the Greek, which is sufficiently classic:

ὅταν ἡ καταστροφή ἐπῆλθεν τὰ δάκρυα ἔρρεον ποταμῶδῶς καὶ τὸ κοινὸν ἔμεινε εἰς πολλὴ συγκινησμένην νευρικὴν. "Ἐγὼ οἰκτεῖρω μᾶλλον τὸν 'Οθελλον," εἶπε μία ἐργάτρια. "Αὐτὴ ἡ δυστυχὴς δὲν ὑπέφερε πολὺ, ἀλλ' αὐτὸς πόσον περισσότερον." (Δέν, by the way, = "not.")

The moral of course is this: that one may educate the peasantry as efficiently by the use of the classics as by *Tit-Bits* after the English fashion, or, after the continental fashion, by socialist pamphlets, stale philosophies turned prophet, and purposeful novels such as now seem to multiply as spontaneously as the amoeba and as prolifically as the Australian rabbit.

W. F.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S DOG

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Surely the name of Sir Isaac Newton's Dog was Diamond?

PAMELA TENNANT.

April 22.

[We have also received letters correcting our reviewer's slip, from M. M., Walter W. Skeat, B.M.G., and W.S., who also gives the reference to "The Lost Bower" mentioned by another correspondent.—ED.]

"AN INQUIRY" ANSWERED

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The verse quoted by A. F. W. in your last issue is the first of Mrs. Browning's poem, "The Lost Bower." The whole verse, including the fifth line which your correspondent could not recall, is as follows:

"In the pleasant orchard-closes,
'God bless all our gains,' say we;
But 'May God bless all our losses,'
Better suits with our degree.

Listen, gentle—ay, and simple! listen, children on the knee!"

M. A. C.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The lines which "A. F. W." asks about are the opening lines of Mrs. Browning's poem, "The Lost Bower."

T. S. O.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BIOGRAPHY

- Raleigh, Walter. *English Men of Letters, Shakespeare*. 7½×5. Pp. 227. Macmillan, 2s.
 Stephen, Caroline Emelia. *The First Sir James Stephen*. 9×6. Pp. 298. W. Heffer, 6s.

EDUCATIONAL

- Crook, C. W. *Shakespeare's King Lear*. 7½×5. Pp. 222. Holland, 2s.
 Salmon, David. *Bacon's Selected Essays*. 7½×5. Pp. 144. Holland, 1s. 9d.
 Branch, E. A. *Simple Studies in Line and Mass of Common Objects*. 13×8½. Holland, 2s.
 Drinkwater, H. *The Temple Cyclopædic Primers*. 6×4. Pp. 129. Dent, 1s.

FICTION

- Tearle, Christian. *A Legal Practitioner*. 7½×5. Pp. 359. Routledge, 2s. 6d.
 Forster, E. M. *The Longest Journey*. 7½×5. Pp. 360. Blackwood, 6s.
 Breda, G. H. *From One Man's Hand to Another*. 7½×5. Pp. 304. Fisher Unwin, 6s.
 Hay, Agnes Grant. *Malcolm Canmore's Pearl*. 8×5. Pp. 298. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.
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